

Dollar



Aldazine.

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VOLUME I.

Original Papers.

LETTERS FROM THE DOLLAR.

NUMBER ONE.

Familiar with my name, Sir, you doubtless are. With me and my family, individually and collectively, you may be, and may not. I am passed and re-passed by thousands, who, with neither hold nor claim upon me, are entitled to my acquaintance. But, known currently as I am by promiscuous contact, I have the little peculiarity of being most master of those who know me least. Are you my slave, Sir Reader, or am I yours? Whichever it be, (though perhaps I might announce myself to you like a Sultan,) I am a person of polish and usage, and, in the simplicity learned by much contact with the world, I introduce myself to you without form or flourish. Reader, THE DOLLAR!

An introduction is usually followed by a leading hint or two at the character of the person introduced, and as my name has been chosen for the renowned Magazine for whose benefit I have taken up the quill, (uncongenial instrument to me, save in the hands of cashiers and attorneys) I have a word or two to say as to those prerogatives of the Dollar which fit it for this distinction in literature.

The great exponent of republicanism, is *the Dollar!* Measured by me, all things, political, literary, useful and ornamental, are reduced to the popular standard. I am the great leveller! I am—(as I have been called, I trust not profanely)—“the Almighty Dollar.” This Magazine—meant for the people—already nearly universal, must circulate on the widest and most central plane of sympathy and intelligence. What so widely appreciated, so central in its bisection of the republican soul, so sympathized in, and so understood, as the universal Dollar! What standard of criticism so simple—what valuation of all things current so infallible! What, in fine, so republican! Do you smile? In what country, save this kicking and crowing republic (long may it kick and crow!) is the aristocratic gold left aside with the baser metal, unnamed and unthought of in the People’s circulation! France and

England reckon in Napoleons and Sovereigns. Most nations name in gold their revenues and their accumulations! The medium metal is ours!—the true *juste milieu*—neither the base copper, nor the limited and exclusive gold.—We name in republican silver our units and our millions.—We try by the Dollar (not the Napoleon, nor the Sovereign) the great questions of value and merit. Scorning alike the rule of mobocracy and aristocracy—rejecting the copper and the gold, save in the subserviency to the central and universal metal—we set up the *Dollar* as our republican symbol. The “Dollar Magazine” has a signification deeper than its price. It combines the nomenclature of all popular literature. It is the *People’s Magazine*—the *Republican Magazine*—the *Universal Magazine*—the *Standard Magazine*—the *American Magazine*. In that simple dissyllable, the “DOLLAR,” lie all these glorious meanings!

Our acquaintance, dear reader, is not to end with my introduction to you. The Dollar proposes to become your correspondent. In his letters, topics will be discussed and books criticised, strictly by this republican standard. What the Dollar thinks is what the People think, for

“The worth of a thing
Is what it will bring.”

In these enlightened days, there is no “neglected merit,” active, inventive or literary. The good book sells—for the Dollar and the People appreciate it. What copper ignorance or golden aristocracy thinks of a book or an invention is of small concern to the author or inventor. If it be at the level of the *silver plane*—if it commend itself to the great central interest—to the universal standard—in short, *mass of the people*—it is worth the publisher’s purchase and the People’s Dollar. In the Dollar Magazine, therefore, dear reader, look for an estimate of books and passing events, politics, poetry and philosophy, adjusted to the circulating value.

You can excuse abruptness in a Dollar, and will permit me to apply my principle at once to a topic, just now talked of generally in the environs—I mean landscape gardening. This is a pleasant subject to expand into an imaginative article, and I am not surprised that men, sitting amid hot editorials in a city, (the month July) find a certain facility in creating woods and walks, planting hedges and building

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conservatories. So may the brain be refreshed, I well know, even with the smell of printing-ink in the nostrils. But landscape gardening, as within the reach of the Dollar and the People, is quite another thing, and to be managed (as brain-gardening need not be, to be sure,) with economy and moderation. Tell us in the quarterlies, if you will, what a man may do with a thousand acres and plenty of money; but in the Dollar Magazine we will endeavor to show what may be done with fifty acres and a spare hour in the evening—by the tasteful farmer, or the tradesman retired on small means, or, if you please, by the rustic editor of the Dollar. These all own their fifty acres, more or less), up to the sky and down to the bottom of their “diggings,” and as nature lets the tree grow and the flower expand for a man, without reference to his account at the Bank, they have it in their power to embellish, and most commonly, they have also the inclination. Beginners, however, at this, as at most other things, are at the mercy of injudicious counsel, and few books can be more expensively misapplied than the treatises on landscape gardening.

The most intense and sincere lovers of the country are citizens who have fled to rural life in middle age, and old travellers who are weary, heart and foot, and long for shelter and rest. Both these classes of men are ornamental in their tastes, the first because the country is his passion, heightened by abstinence, and the latter because he remembers the secluded and sweet spots he has crossed in travel, and yearns for something that resembles them of his own.—To begin at the beginning, I will suppose such a man as either of these in search of land to purchase and build upon. His means are moderate.

Leaving the climate and productiveness of soil out of the question, the main things to find united are *shade*, *water*, and *inequality of surface*. With these three features given by Nature, any spot may be made beautiful, and at very little cost; and, fortunately for purchasers in this country, most land is valued and sold with little or no reference to these or other capabilities for embellishment. Water, in a country so laced with rivers is easily found. Yet there are hints worth giving, perhaps, obvious as they seem, even in the selection of water. A small and rapid river is preferable to a large river or lake. The Hudson, for instance, is too broad to bridge, and, beautiful as the sites are upon its banks, the residents have but one egress and one drive—the country behind them. If they could cross to the other side, and radiate in every direction in their evening drives, the villas on that noble river would be trebled in value. One soon tires of riding up and down one bank of a river, and, without a taste for boating, the beautiful expanse of water soon becomes an irksome barrier. Very much the same remark is true of the borders of lakes, with the additional objection, that there is no variety to the view. A small, bright stream, such as hundreds of nameless ones in these beautiful Northern States, spanned by bridges, at every half mile, followed always by the roads which naturally seek the level, and winding into picturesque surprises, appearing and disappearing, continually—is, in itself, an ever renewing poem, crowded with changeable pictures, and every day tempting you to follow or trace back its bright current. Small rivers, again, ensure to a degree the other two requisites, shade and inequality of surface—the interval being

proportionately narrow, and backed by slopes and alluvial soil, usually producing the various nut and maple trees, which, for their fruit and sap, have been spared by the inexorable axes of the first settlers. If there is any land in the country, the price of which is raised from the supposed desirableness of the site, it is upon the lakes and larger rivers—leaving the smaller rivers, fortunately, still within the scale of the People's Dollar!

One more word as to the selection of a spot. The rivers of the United States, more than those of olden countries are variable in their quantity of water. The banks of many of the most picturesque, present, at the season of the year when we most wish it otherwise, (in the sultry heats of August and September,) bared rocks or beds of ooze, while the stream runs sluggishly and uninvitingly between. Those which are fed principally by springs, however, are less liable to the effects of drought than those which are the outlets of large bodies of water; and, indeed, there is great difference in rivers in this respect, depending on the degree in which their courses are shaded, and other causes. It will be safest, consequently, to select a site in August, when the water is at the lowest, preferring of course a bold and high bank as a protection against freshets and flood-wood. The remotest chance of a war with water, damming against wash and flood, fills the “Dollar” with economical alarm.

It was doubtless a “small chore” for the deluge to heave up a mound or slope a bank, but with one spade at a dollar a day, the moving of earth is a discouraging job, and in selecting a place to live, it is well to be apprised what diggings may be necessary, and how your hay and water, wood, visitors, and lumber generally, are to come and go. A man's first fancy is commonly to build on a hill; but as he lives on year after year, he would like his house lower and lower, till, if the fairies had done it for him at each succeeding wish, he would trouble them at last to dig his cellar at the bottom. It is hard mounting a hill daily, with tired horses, and it is dangerous driving down with full-bellied ones from the stable door, and your friends deduct from the pleasure of seeing you, the inconvenience of ascending and descending. The view, for which you build high, you soon discover, is not daily bread, but an occasional treat, more worth, as well as better liked for the walk to get it, and (you have selected your site of course with a Southern exposure,) a good stiff hill at your back, nine months in the year, saves several degrees of the thermometer and sundry chimney-tops, barn-roofs, and other furniture peripatetic in a tempest. Then your hill-road washes with the rains, and needs continual mending, and the dweller on the hill needs one more horse and two more oxen than the dweller in the valley. One thing more. There rises a night mist, (never unwholesome from running water,) which protects fruit trees from frost to a certain level above the river, at certain critical seasons, and so ends the Dollar's reasons for building low. There are reasons for building high, but they appeal to sovereigns, not dollars.

I am supposing all along, dear Reader, that you have had no experience of country life, but, that, sick of a number in a brick block, or, (if a traveller) weary of “the perpetual flow of people,” you want a patch of the globe's surface to yourself, and room enough to scream, let off champagne corks, or throw stones, without disturbance to your

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neighbor. The intense yearning for this degree of liberty has led some seekers after the pastoral rather farther into the wilderness than was necessary; and while writing on the subject of a selection of rural sites, it is worth while, perhaps, to specify the desirable degree of neighborhood.

In your own person, probably, you do not combine blacksmith, carpenter, tinman, grocer, apothecary, wet-nurse, dry-nurse, washer-woman, and doctor. Shoes and clothes can wait your convenience for mending. But the little necessities supplied by the above list of vocations are rather imperative, and they can only be ministered to in any degree of comfortable perfection, by a village of at least a thousand inhabitants. Two or three miles is far enough to send your horse to be shod, and far enough to send for doctor or washer-woman, and half the distance would be better, if there were no prospect of the extension of the village limits. But the common diameter of idle boys' rambles is a mile out of the village, and to be just beyond that is very necessary if you care for your plums and apples. The church bell should be within hearing, and it is mellowed deliciously by a mile or two of hill and dale, and your wife will probably belong to a "sewing-circle," to which it is very much for her health to walk—especially if the horse is wanted for ploughing. This suggests to me another point which I had nearly overlooked.

The "Dollar" pretends to no gentility. It is the People's coin. I may be permitted to say, therefore, that neighbors are a luxury, both expensive and inconvenient. The necessity you feel for society, of course, will modify very much the just stated considerations on the subject of vicinage. He who has lived only in towns, or passed his life (as travellers do) only as a receiver of hospitality, is little aware of the difference between a country and city call, or between receiving a visit and paying one. In town, "not at home," in any of its shapes, is a great preserver of personal liberty, and gives no offence. In the country you are "at home," *will-you, nill-you*. As a stranger paying a visit, you choose the time most convenient to yourself and abridge the call at pleasure. In your own house, the visitor may find you at a very inconvenient hour, stay a very inconvenient time, and as you have no liberty to deny yourself at your country door, it may (or may not, I say, according to your taste) be a considerable evil. This point should be well settled, however, before you determine your distance from a closely settled neighborhood, for many a man would rather send his horse two miles farther to be shod than live within the convenience of "sociable neighbors." A resident in a city, by the way (and it is a point which should be kept in mind by the retiring metropolitan) has, properly, speaking, no neighbors. He has friends, chosen or made by similarity of pursuit, congeniality of taste, or accident, which might have been left unimproved. His literal neighbors he knows by name—if they keep a brass plate, but they are contented to know as little of him, and the acquaintance ends, without offence, in the perusal of the name and number on the door. In the city you pick your friends. In the country, you "take them in the lump."

True, country neighbors are almost always desirable acquaintances—simple in their habits, and pure in their morals and conversation. But this letter is addressed to men retiring from the world, who look forward to the undisturbed

enjoyment of trees and fields, who expect life to be filled up with the enjoyment of dew at morn, shade at noon, and the glory of sunset and starlight, and who consider the complete repose of the articulating organs, and release from oppressive and unmeaning social observances, as the fruition of Paradise. To men who have experience or philosophy enough to have reduced life to this, I should recommend a distance of five miles from any village or any family with grown up daughters. In my character of Dollar, I may be forgiven for remarking, also, that this degree of seclusion doubles an income (by enabling a man to live on half of it,) and so, freeing the mind from the care of self, removes the very gravest of the obstacles to happiness. I refer to no saving which infringes on comfort. The housekeeper who caters for her own family in an unvisited seclusion, and the housekeeper who provides for her family with an eye to the possible or probable interruption of acquaintances not friends, live at very different rates; and the latter, adds one dish to the bounty of the table, perhaps, but two to its vanity.—Still more in the comfort and expensiveness of dress. The natural and most blissful costume of man in Summer, all told, is shirt, slippers, and pantaloons. The compulsory articles of coat, suspenders, waistcoat, and cravat (gloves would be ridiculous,) are a tribute paid to the chance of visitors, as is also, probably, some dollars' difference in the quality of the hat.

I say nothing of the comfort of a bad hat (one you can sit upon, or water your horse from, or bide the storm in, without remorse), nor of the luxury of having half a dozen, which you do when they are cheap, and so saving the mental burden of retaining the geography of an article so easily mislaid. A man is a slave to any thing on his person he is afraid to spoil—a slave (if he is not rich, as we are not, dear reader!) to any costly habiliment whatever. The trees nod no less graciously, (it is a pleasure to be able to say,) because one's trowsers are of a rational volume over the portion most tried by a sedentary man, nor because one's hat is of an equivocal shape—having served as a non-conductor between a wet log and its proprietor. But ladies do,—especially country ladies; and even if they did not, there is enough of the leaven of youth, even in philosophers, to make them unwilling to appear to positive disadvantage, and unless you are quite at your ease as to even the ridiculous shabbiness of your outer man, there is no liberty—no economical liberty, I mean—in rural life. Do not mislead yourself, dear reader! I am perfectly aware that a Spanish sombrero, a pair of large French trowsers plaited over the hips, a well made English shoe, and a handsome checked shirt, form as easy a costume for the country as philosopher could desire. But I write for men who must attain the same comfort in a shirt of a perfectly independent description, trowsers, oftenest, that have seen service as tights, and shew a fresher dye in the seams, a hat, price twenty-five cents, (by the dozen,) and shoes of a remediless capriciousness of outline.

I acknowledge that such a costume is a liberty with day-light, which should only be taken within one's own fence, and that it is a misfortune to be surprised in it by a stranger, even there. But I wish to impress upon those to whom this letter is addressed, the obligations of country neighborhood as to dress and table, and the expediency of securing

the degree of liberty which may be desired, by a barrier of distance. Sociable country neighbors, as I said before, are a luxury, but they are certainly an expensive one. Judging by data within my reach, (a dollar will reach a great way with discretion) I should say that a man who could live for fifteen hundred dollars a year, within a mile of a sociable village, could have the same personal comforts at ten miles distance for half the money. He numbers, say fifteen families, in his acquaintance, and of course pays at the rate of fifty dollars a family for their gratification. Now it is a question whether you would not rather have the money in board fence, or Berkshire hogs. You may like society, and yet not like it at such a high price. Or, (but this would lead me to another subject) you may prefer society in a lump; and with a house full of friends in the months of June and July, live in contemplative and economical solitude the remainder of the year. And this latter plan I take the liberty to recommend more particularly to students and authors.

I have amplified so much on the subject of location, that I have no space left for the economical improvement of grounds, but that shall form the subject of my next letter. Believe me.

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WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

A DUBLIN JACKEEN.

BY J. M. M.

If the reader wants to know what a Dublin Jackeen is, we will tell him: A Dublin Jackeen is a fellow who does very little for a living, and wants to do less. He is an adept in all the modes of gambling, from the science of "Prick o' the loop" down to "All in the Well;" but it is in the mysterious accomplishment of the "Thimble Rig" that his genius displays itself to the greatest advantage. He is of that popular order of dandies who seldom trouble themselves about mounting a shirt (unless they find an occasional one among the hedges) but who wouldn't appear in public without a collar on for the world. And even when our friend the Jackeen does find a shirt, it is sure not to stay long with him, for the first night his favorite actress takes a benefit, it is popped off to "uncle's" and its recent occupant—buttoned up to the chin—pops into the upper gallery.

A Dublin Jackeen is sure to sing a good song, and to belong to some harmonic society—he is equally certain to be an amateur actor, and to have a strong predilection for mulled porter, and handsome landladies. He cannot, however, be called a drunkard, by reason that the drink knows him like a brother, and rarely deceives him; neither can he be regarded as a very ardent or devoted lover, inasmuch as it is his way to "sip of a flower and fly off to the rest." But whatever he wants in affection for ladies in particular—he fully makes up by all sorts of oaths and promises to the sex in general; for the man who court, fairly—marries willingly—and settles down quietly, can have but few pretensions to the name of Dublin Jackeen.

A Dublin Jackeen is the least of a cosmopolite of any man in the world. The idea of leaving Dublin never enters his noddle, no more than it penetrates the system of one of the metal pillars of Carlisle Bridge. It is true, he takes his jaunts to Dunleary, and attends his Sunday wrestling matches in the Phenix Park. But those form the limits not

only of his peregrinations, but of his desires; for, somehow or other, a journey to foreign parts is always associated in his mind with a term of transportation to Botany Bay; and, indeed, it is a fact to be noted, that he seldom crosses the water, unless at the charge of the general government; and (unless destiny calls upon him to yield up his ghost in Van Dieman's Land, or on the outward or homeward bound voyage,) rarely fails to leave his bones in Bully's Acre, from whence they usually pass into the sack of the "body-snatcher," and thence to the College of Surgeons.

Many scientific reasons have been advanced to show cause why Dublin Jackeens stick so pertinaciously to the City of Dublin. Some say that an annual "batter" at Donneybrook Fair is necessary to their existence;—others, that the black eyes, and bloody noses they give each other, have unaccountable charms for them; and more again, that they are afraid they wouldn't have decent wakes, with plenty of tobacco and whisky at them, elsewhere.

A Dublin Jackeen is sure to wear his hat on three hairs. That is to say—damme-eyes fashion, with three points of it cocked knowingly over the dexter visual organ, and the whole fabric sticking to the side of his head, as if it was kept in its place by the countenance of a constant miracle. He is mostly a raw-boned fellow and walks with a swagger peculiar to his genus, in which the shoulders alternate up and down, up and down; something like the "up with your head and down with your heels" motion of a "waddey bucketry," or rather like the vibrations of a well balanced beam and scales, put in sudden action. This gives a Dublin Jackeen the appearance of being a loose limbed young gentleman, or mounted on wires; or else, as if his shoulder bones obliging popped in and out of their sockets, in order to help him to carry out his peculiar ideas of locomotion. Nevertheless, his coat is usually buttoned close, for reasons sufficiently obvious, when regarded in connection with his contempt for the Englishman's improvement on the Frenchman's wrist ruffle—namely, the shirt! and this coat is in all cases, unless when it happens to be exchanged for the grey government livery of Newgate or the Hulks—a bright blue, with brass buttons, of the last year's fashion; for whenever he refreshes his system with new habiliments, it is by "stripping a peg in Plunket street of a suit of 'Hand-me-downs'"—otherwise, buying a suit of cast off clothes—for the history of those popular articles of broadcloth in Dublin, is this: The man of fashion succeeds the sheep (as being, perhaps, most nearly related to him)—the valet succeeds the man of fashion—the pedlar succeeds the valet—the Plunket street Renovator succeeds the pedlar—and then it goes to the Dublin Jackeen, between whom and the pawnbroker it alternately ekes out the balance of its natural life.

A Dublin Jackeen's seven ages—differ something from the seven ages of Shakspeare. The former may be recorded as follows:

First the infant on the floor a rolling
Like sod of turf his color—and as ragged
As Lazarus—and eating candy cack.
Then the small boy
Riding a little pig about like murder;
Or in a channel making fresh dirt pies.
Then the shaver
Of thirteen years, as cunning as a fox,

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And picking pockets upon Carlyle Bridge,
Then the Jarvey of a Black Rock jingle
Full of mull'd porter, and of whisky nate,
And asking all his customers to trate.

Then the lover
In view of getting something good for supper,
Kissing the cook behind the kitchen door.
Then the swell kiddy swaggering here and there,
That lives, the Lord knows how, or why, or where.
And then the prig retired to Copper Alley
Or sent to jail, and thence across the "salt,"
Sans every thing but a desire for malt.

The dialect of a Dublin Jackeen is as peculiar as every thing else about him, and as different from that of his countrymen in general, outside of the Circular Road, as chalk is from cheese, or Bog Latin from Arabic. The Jackeen, for instance, says "dis," "dat," "dough," "tunder," and the like—while all other manner of Irishmen make a great capital out of the *th*, and stick to it like grim death, shoving it even into such words as "murther," "sister," "craythure" (creature) and every place else where they can find a convenient chance.

The young gentleman who figures above, is Master Larry Connerty. Sporting as he does a brooch—a hat crape—and even a shirt—it is evident he is in his fifth stage—i. e., at a period for kissing cooks—and getting tit bits for supper. He looks so down in the mouth that we are afraid Dolly has given him the cold shoulder; and that the crape is symbolical of her last favor; but again there is a freshness about the carbuncles of his nose, and an odd looking "drap in his eye" sort of twistified leer about his optics, that are strongly suggestive of a headache after a spree, without the means of raising his "morning." But no, on second consideration, this can't be it—for Larry sports not only a shirt, but a brooch in it; and Larry is the very boy that would see all the shirts and brooches in christendom forty-five fathoms deep in his "uncle's," the pawn-broker's, before he would be after depriving his noble self of a glass of whisky for a term of five seconds, if he thought he wanted it.

But we will just ask Master Larry Connerty a few questions to see what he has to say for himself, and the manner he says it in; and then dismiss him.

"Good morning, Larry."

"O, de top ov de mornin' to you! Tip us your knuckles."

"How are times, Larry?"

"Civil resaise de worse—for we waked Tim Murphy last night wid all de honors—an' bloody end to de crapper I can raise dis mornin' widout goin' to de golden balls."

"Well, but trade's good—isn't it?"

"Trade!—O be de hokey, dat's boder'd intirely, for sure de steam (bad luck to it), has done for de drivin'; an' de Lord Mayor—hard fortin' to him—looks at a "prick in de loop," or a timble rig, or any ting else dat a daicint boy can turn an honest penny at, as if dey was so many Captain Rocks or Daniel O'Connells!"

"And how, by the way, do you like O'Connell, Larry?"

"Is it Dan—O tunder! wouldn't I dhrink to him twenty times a day if I only had de liquor! But, any how, he sарed uz a murderin' trick for all dat."

"What was that?"

"Why, blurinage, in helpin' Fader Mathews, (it's well for him he's wan ov de clargy, or I'd give him my benediction) to ruin ould Ireland, be makin'uz take coffee, an' tay, an' all oder sorts ov belly vengeance, in exchange for our beautiful whiskey! Sure dey look at a man now as if he had de Hill ov Hote on de top of his nose, when he makes a mistake an' calls for a crapper instead ov a cup ov deir Liffey dedeviled."

"You've got a black eye, Larry."

"Ov coorse! for as bad as de world's gettin', glory be to de Lord, we can't afford to wake our friends widout a drop, an' a bit ov fun to comfort uz yet. I'm afraird dough, when dey've med uz all teetotalers—de devil teetotal dem!—dat we'll have no more grace nor good nature among us den de wild English or de Hottentots."

"Larry, are you married yet?"

"No, but de devil has me dere again; for Dolly won't listen to raisin', but wants one to make an honest woman ov her."

"Good bye, Larry."

"O, is dat de way you're laivin' uz, widout axin' a body wheder or not he had a hole in his head. But any way it's a folly to fret, for, be de hokey, if Ireland's Ireland, an' we all live an' repint, whiskey 'ill be rowlin' about uz as plentiful as bad luck, whin Fader Matthews has gone away to de saints in glory."

"O Larry, you're a sinner."

"Tank God for dat same any how, now dat de saints is all tee-totalers."

"Why, Larry, Temperance is a very good thing in its way."

"Good—only see dat now—I own it 'ud be midlin' if dey'd take tings cool—puttin' uz on a pint a day to begin wid, an' bringin' uz down gradual to tree glasses, which dey might leave us wid for de honor ov owld times an' Saint Patrick."

"I'm afraid, Connolly, we'll never be able to make any good of you."

"Not, plaise God, till yeas put me in Bully's acre, any way; an' den de murderin' surgeons an' sackem-ups—sweet blue blazes to dem—will turn me into good glauber salts in less den no time. Isn't it a purty ting a daicint boy, dat never had any ting but all sorts ov misfortins when he was alive an' kickin', can't be left to take a little peace an' quietness to hisself when he's under de sod?"

"Why, what troubles you, Larry?"

"Every ting troubles me. Dolly's odd notion of takin' to honesty, for wan ting; de law against "Prick o' de loop" for anoder; but den de worst ov all is, I'm afraird de world 'ill be all tee-totalers but myself, when I die, an' dat dey'll wake me widout whisky."

"Good bye, Larry."

No Go.—A Tennessee editor says that "several of the gentlemen from the United States, employed by the British Government to instruct the natives of India in the cultivation of cotton, have returned home. They complain of the climate and its diseases, and have no faith in the enterprise of cotton growing in that region."

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

OUR FRIENDS, THE PIGS.

BY THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

"I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditia*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or *praludium* of a grunt. He must be roasted."

CHARLES LAMB.

Manifold are "the ills that flesh is heir to." But not only are they manifold, but they come "in such a questionable shape" at times, that one knows not how to ward off the dire assault. Now they are head-aches, heart-aches, bankruptcies and dunning-letters—and anon they become animate, sometimes approaching their victim upon two legs—sometimes upon four. We have known of late a variety of ills, of different degrees of irksomeness—but worst of all, and most deeply dreaded, were a corporate trio of trials, forsooth our beloved neighbors,

JOSIAH BOND AND HIS TWO PIGS.

Our neighbor, Josiah, like all neighbors, has many estimable qualities: at least, so we believe. When we shall have tested them, we will speak more decidedly upon the subject. On the other hand, he is possessed of some peculiarities (as who is not?) of a decidedly disagreeable character. Among them, we would particularly instance a fondness for swine. "*De gustibus nil disputandem.*"

Early in the past season, Josiah rejoiced in the possession of two juvenile porkers. The young swine were in no way remarkable in their appearance. Like all their horrible race, they were very ugly and very troublesome. This could all have been endured, had their "innocent delights" been enacted in a general manner. But this was by no means the case. The porklings became possessed of an extraordinary attachment (in no way reciprocated,) to ourselves and our humble domains. Morning came, and so did the pigs. Noon went on his way, but the pigs tarried. And only with the tardy night would the affectionate creatures bid us adieu, to come again with the early dawn.—This, for awhile, was borne with wonderful philosophy.—But "familiarity," saith the proverb, "breedeth contempt:" and as each succeeding day brought us no alleviation, we at length longed for some way to cut our acquaintances without doing violence to their tender feelings.

Meanwhile the porklings grew daily more intimate.—From the lot they strayed to the kitchen: from the kitchen they roamed to the very doors of our castle. At last they dared to turn their dirty faces inward: and deeming the opened door designed but for their invitation, they bolted in! They roamed through the hall, then through the dining-room; and finally made their egress through an after entry. Zounds! invaded by pigs! "There is a point, beyond which forbearance becometh no longer a virtue." So thought we: and a messenger was despatched to our neighbor, Josiah Bond, informing him that if his beloved favorites were not removed by the coming Morrow, we should be reduced to the painful alternative of consigning them

to the care of our canine attendant. The Morrow came;—and again came our dear friends. We determined to forbear yet one day more. It was equally bootless. The sun of the following day was scuttling, when we nerved ourselves for the resentment of our long-borne wrongs. Our faithful dog, Towser, lay basking in the day's departing beams, ("so blessings brighten as they take their flight,") unconscious of aught save his own enjoyment. We glanced at him and then at the unsuspecting intruders. Not a word was spoken: but our purpose was conveyed. The answering glance of Towser told us that we were understood; and he departed to his willing duty.

Let it suffice, good reader, that not many days thereafter, the pigs aforesaid, as many pigs have done before, *departed this life!* There was nothing, surely, singular in the circumstance. Pigs, like all other animals, are mortal: and, like many other animals, should be allowed to choose their own time "to shuffle off the mortal coil."—And yet, marvellous to relate, and still more marvellous to believe, our neighbor, Josiah Bond, grew greatly enraged, and levelled his grievous anger full at our own devoted head. By some strange process of reasoning, he accused ourself of being accessory to the death of his pigs, and solemnly threatened to arraign us, to answer therefor, before the terrible tribunal of Justice Grumbleberry.

Here was a new dilemma. We were ignorant of law.—We doubted not that the sagacious Grumbleberry might seem to see some connection between the fatal effect, and our dog, Towser, as a cause. And should such be the case, we could not determine what penalty the law might inflict upon one large man, and one large dog, for the death of two small pigs. So we applied ourself to the statutes "in such case made and provided," and to the "authorities."—We rummaged "Blackstone": we consulted "Coke upon Littleton": we turned over the pages of the renowned "Reeves." But these wise law givers had failed to provide for a case of so much importance as the present: and the statutes spoke but vaguely. Still we found some precedent for a guide, and proceeded to prepare our "plea." We had even completed the task, and had pronounced it, with due deliberation to the admiring Towser, when a "change came o'er the spirit of our dream."

Information was conveyed to us, that our neighbor, the redoubtable Josiah, threatened a personal adjustment of his grievances. "If," so intimated the awful announcement, "we should presume to dare to go up to his old fence, he [the aforesaid Josiah,] would intrude his larger digital limb far into our ocular organ!" Awful! What gentleman of weak nerves could endure such a threat unmoved? What heart will refuse to bleed at the misery of our situation. *

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Let us hasten to draw a veil over this melancholy picture! We did presume to pass the very fence aforesaid, once upon a time, forgetful that we were hazarding the well-being of posterity—and afterwards met the redoubtable Josiah face to face! It was an awful moment. He gazed—and gazed—and then shouldered his potatoe-bag and walked off. Shade of Hercules! what forbearance was here! Reader, we still survive! Though we tremble at the review of the dangers we have escaped, we assure you of our continued existence. But we cannot leave this in-

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teresting narrative, without glancing at the pointed morals which it conveys. They are manifold, and should not be passed slightingly over.

In the first place, Josiah Bond may learn a lesson from the transaction. It is true, he hath wronged us. We are ever constrained to tell him that he is no gentleman. But we have learned to pardon, and will even aid him to his moral. Let him learn from hence the fickle character of Fortune's favors. Pigs are doubtful and fleeting treasures.—They resemble the fleas of the son of Erin—"One puts his finger on them, and they are not there." Again, he may learn, that it is very hazardous "to take one's pigs to a wrong market." While they are safe at home, they will be free from harm; or, at the least, they will be free from Towser.

Let the pigs, too, should they ever revisit the scenes of their early pighood, bethink them, that if they remain at home then will probably not get bitten. Dogs are dangerous playthings: and "those going out after wool, often come home shorn."

Towser, too, must not escape uncensured. Towser, as many renowned sons of Earth have done before him, exceeded his commission. We intimated our entire willingness that he should expel the invaders; but we gave no warrant for their destruction. The "pound of flesh" was implied; but no reference was made to "the blood." He drew an unwarranted deduction: and for his unlicensed transgression of orders, may be read his punishment in his master's unhappiness, and may he learn in melancholy sadness to

"—Govern his passions
With absolute sway;
And grow wiser and better,
As life wears away!"

For ourselves, we too can draw a moral. We have been the undesigned cause of the death of two pigs! The Author of Elia would have held us unpardonable for such a transgression. Alas! for the untimely destruction of two good suppers! Nor is this all. We have been the authors of misery. We slew those who loved us, and their dying squeal rings like a knell in our ears. We once read the rhymes of an indifferent poet. Among them was an article entitled, "*Remorse on killing a Squirrel in a Garret.*" The author did not tell us *why* he mourned: whether because he had slain but *one*, or whether the squirrel was too lean for any practical purpose. But no matter for the cause. The article is all that concerns us now. *That* was true pathos. Perchance *our* grief may find a similar vent. And when we shall write our "*Remorse on Towser's killing two Pigs,*" the indulgent public shall be made forthwith acquainted therewith.

Patient Reader! the last moral is for you. "A fellow feeling should make us wondrous kind." Learn from the subject before you: and when *your* dog Towser shall have killed two small hogs, let pity take possession of your generous breast, and spare the reader the recital!

A GREAT RECITATION.—The following, from the New Orleans Crescent City, is the best thing of the kind we ever read:—

"The schoolmaster was in a great hurry—he had received a note from his Dulcinea, and the "gography" class was disposed of double quick time.

"Polynesia, where situated, what are the products, the

inhabitants, latitude and longitude, &c., how bounded?" shrieked the little pedagogue, to a huge red headed boy, whose face bore the expression of a turkey's egg, with feet like battering rams.

"Pollykneeshia is an independent group of islands in the anterior of the desert Saraharra, on the coast of Cornwall.—Its products is bilin springs, cucumbers, tortoise shell caniballs, and sometimes wimmin and children. The inhabitants is for the most part Kalmuc Tartars, and tothers is Shakers and Injuns. Latitude and longitude is ditto. It is bounded on all sides by the Chinese wall, which was erected to prevent the nocturnal visits of the equator into the Caspian sea, and on the South by the Spareribbean ishmushs, and the promontories which is uncommonly kivered at the high water mark with Shetland ponies and other animals of the same class. The religion is like the products, intolerance and idle worship."

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

THE SLEEPING PILGRIM.

A FRAGMENT.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

As the night advanced, one after another of the throng disappeared, for the enjoyment of their allotted "accommodations." Feeling little inclination to sleep, I lingered in the forward cabin. It was still crowded, despite the lateness of the hour. On one side were seated a group, earnestly discussing the great political events of the day. At a little distance, a band were surrounding a table, eagerly absorbed in the magic of a game at cards. Yet amid the varied scenes, our attention was suddenly arrested by one object of absorbing interest.

An old man was reposing upon a settee. He had numbered full four-score years. His plain garb bespoke the most abject poverty. His head rested upon a coarse wallet—perchance containing his earthly all. He was lying upon his side, and still held within his grasp a rude staff—the sole companion of his loneliness—which rested upon the floor.—What it was which so peculiarly attracted us, it is difficult to define. But his age, his coarse attire, his rude staff, his simple wallet—the easy composure of his aged frame, together with the silvery locks lying carelessly over his furrowed brow—all combined, formed a picture—the like of which, in all our acquaintance with mankind, we had never gazed upon. Here was the exact counterpart of our "Sleeping Child." We beheld before us a hoary pilgrim, way-worn and weary with the journey of life, resting as it were by its way-side, to refresh his flagging spirits from their toils. All that Fancy had ever pictured to us of such a character, all of the spirit's dreamy ideal, was here fully and perfectly embodied. No part of the picture was wanting. We sighed that Merril was not with us, to cause the canvass vividly to exhibit what our sketch but feebly portrays. We turned and addressed some one near us, and directed his attention to the object of our interest. He stared at the old man—then at us—laughed, and passed on. Poor fool! No doubt he pitied our derangement! Long and earnestly did we gaze upon the simple scene before us. We wished to invite the sleeper to our own more welcome couch; but we would not break his peaceful slumber. He had forgotten, for a time, his cares, and we left him to the soothing influences of "kind Nature's sweet restorer."

Sleep was long a stranger to our pillow. And when, at length, the dreamy power did prove propitious, still wakeful Fancy wandered to the old pilgrim's side.

"The time is long past, and the scene is afar," but the old man still holds a place in our memory. Perchance ere this, the clods of the valley are green up a his breast. But we see him, still, reposing by Life's way-side, in his dreaming rest. And once, when the vision rose with peculiar vividness, and would not "down at our bidding," our Fancy thus portrayed the hidden sentiment of our heart:—

STANZAS.

TO A SLEEPING PILGRIM.

Sleep, weary Pilgrim! Night hath closed around thee,
And Day's tired watchers fold their limbs to rest:
No more doth press the chain of care which bound thee,
No more doth Grief harrass thine aged breast!

Sleep, weary Pilgrim! Time hath left his token
In the thin locks which guard thy temples grey:
Thy manly frame with Age is bowed and broken,
And all thy Life's delight hath passed away!

Then rest, lorn Pilgrim! and in sleep reposing,
Bid Time roll back the periods of his flight—
While wizard Memory, hidden charms disclosing,
Calls up lost scenes to glad thy raptured sight!

They come, they come! thy foot is on the mountain,
Whose rugged paths thy boyhood loved to tread:
And now thou lingerest by the gushing fountain,
Where gloomy pines their solemn shade o'erspread!

Dream on! the Summer's morn, with flowery treasure,
Doth woo thee forth to rove the dewy vale:
Thy glad heart thrills to Hope's entrancing measure,
And joy comes wafted on the scented gale!

The live-long day thy blithsome steps are wending,
On pausing 'mid the reaper's fragrant toil:
When Night's dim shades with Day's fair hues are blending,
Back to thy cot thou bring'st thy simple spoil!

The grave gives back its sleepers: wild resounding,
The pleasant woods return a jocund shout:
A merry band, on sportive pastime bounding,
Seek where the nut-trees spread their treasures out!

Sleep on old man! I would not break the vision
Which charms thy spirit, with its rapturous spell:
For Earth no more can bring these joys, Elysian,
Like those blest scenes thy boyhood loved so well!

Sleep, weary Pilgrim! soon the hastening morrow
Will rouse her sleepers to the busy day:
And thou wilt waken from thy dream in sorrow
To view thy pleasures flit in gloom away.

Then gird thy loins, and on thy staff reclining,
Press on, nor gaze in fond despondence back:
Cheer thee old Pilgrim from thy vain repining!
Soon, soon, shall end thy journey's painful track!

And when the goal shall greet, thy steps inviting,
Thy failing heart shall find new vigor given:
Lay thee right gladly on its breast delighting,
And sleep the sleep which waketh unto Heaven!

New York, June, 1841.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

The eighth was August, being rich array'd
In garment all of gold, downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led lovely mayd
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crown'd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found.
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after wrong was low'd, and justice sold,
She left the unrighteous world, and was to heaven extol'd.

We are very much obliged to the lady above celebrated by Spenser, that when she "was to heaven extol'd," she left the plenty with which her hand was crowned behind her. But, to ascend from the mythology of poetry, to the unity of piety, we have the same Good Being to thank for seed time and harvest, who has presided over the world from its commencement—before the figment of a golden age ever entered poet's brain. To tell truth, we are somewhat tired of the poetical ignis fatuus of a glorious age when vice and cruelty were unknown, and all men perfect. Even in Eden it pleased God's Providence to introduce ill—and thus to shadow forth the great truth that good cannot exist without its opposite. Without evil there were no temptation—with-out temptation no resistance, and without resistance of temptation no practical good, and no confident trust in Heaven, or mental dependence upon a Creator. Man would be resolved into an animal, with no more positive merit than the polypus, which does not move because it cannot.

But our readers will not thank us for a sermon. They can hear better preachers among those whose vocation is preaching. Impute then to the old English poet our unusual wandering, and let us descend together to things more practical, if less poetical. August is the first harvest month, and belongs more properly to Autumn than to Summer; tho' classed with the latter in the Kalendar. Now, our rural friends find the result of their labors, and certainty and fruition take the place of hope and prospective labor. It is emphatically a glad month—for to use a city simile, Ceres and Pomona produce their sample specimens; and no city-bred clerk with curious tooth (don't mistake that for carious—though the letter gets frequently changed in experience,) need be told how pleasant is a "box of samples."

The harvest, we are glad to hear from general concurrent testimony, promises to be ample. Deficiency in some quarters is made up by abundance in others, and although there are and must be cases of individual inconvenience, as in all seasons, a bountiful Heaven has remembered the whole people.

This is the period when the wearied citizen seeks repose from the ardor of mercantile pursuits. Bodily fatigue and lassitude might compel this respite, even if custom did not dictate it. Thus, while August is one of the busiest months in the country, in the city it must be, until near its close, one of the dullest. With the return of September we shall welcome the return of many familiar faces. Men will exchange the grove and leafy dell again for avenues of brick and mortar, and the velvet grass for the unpoetical paving-stone, or the still less natural octagon of wood with which modern improvement has displaced the ancient pavement.

We can't altogether like this wooden business.

"There's music in all things if men had ears!"

There's music in paving stones whether one have ears or not—for, ears failing, we feel it in our bones. A city without pavements were a fortress without guns, and in these days of luxury we are fast coming to it. Asphatum, MacAdam, and pitch pine, are making the roll of the chariot and the clattering of the dray as noiseless as Time's foot when it falls on flowers.

Hullo—a! Hullo there reader! are you asleep? Upon our honor and conscience if you are there is a wonderful sympathy between us. Turn from the Gossip then to the more various and interesting contents of the Dollar. Read the letters from the republican representative of value—the Dollar itself. From thence to the varied contents of the selected department; and in these we will warrant you relief from somnolency.

HAROUN;

THE LONELY MAN OF SHIRAZ.

A PERSIAN TALE.

Haroun Aboulim was an honest hard-working basket-maker of the renowned city of Shiraz, one of the most splendid cities of Persia; but though early as the bee, and industrious as the ant, honest Haroun was as poor as a pilgrim, and not half so patient. Wandering in one of his daily fits of discontent by a pleasant stream which winds about that city, he fell into the usual ruminations on the poverty of his estate. "Why," exclaimed he, "should I toil for ever, day and night and night and day, and yet want food and comfort, while there are those idle ones in Shiraz, who think it too laborious to pour out a precious liquor into a golden cup for themselves, and who, having all that they want, enjoy nothing that they have? The lazy lord of yonder stately palace of a hundred towers, glutted with the gifts of fortune, and crammed with the daintiest good things of life, lolls from morn till night on carpets of the richest weavings of the Persian loom, and is fattened with flattery and the finest fowls, and surrounded by a hundred women, the fairest of Circassia, whom he neither loves nor delights, but whose business it is to strive to delight him, though they cannot love him. He is fat with the choicest foods, and so pursy, that he cannot rise from his cross-legged squat without the help of two of his stoutest eunuchs, nor sit down again with less help; whilst I am so thin, that two men might hardly hold me down to earth in a high wind. A hundred slaves, more pliant to his purposes than the littest willows which I twist into baskets, wait on the watch to prevent a single want, whilst I have a thousand wants which no one will ever notice, much more prevent. They pour on his beard the fragrant oils of Ataghan, whilst mine is only moistened with my melancholy tears. They waft cool perfumes around his chambers, as if the wholesome air of heaven was not sweet enough for his most delicate nostrils. They steep him in baths whose waters are made voluptuous with essences drawn from the roses of Cashmeer, and the lilies of Teflis, and as he reclines in the bath the voices of singers please his ear with the soft songs of Mirza; whilst I am compelled to perform my sacred ablutions in the common river, with no other singing but the nightingale's, and no richer perfume than that which the roses on either bank fling liberally to the open air: these are sweet enough, truly, but though they are of the world I have not the world to thank for them. These several things serve to prove what I have long suspected," finished the discontented Haroun, "and what indeed our greatest philosopher, the divine Sadi, the light of the world, asserted to his believing disciples, *that though whatever is was to be, yet nothing is as it should be.*"

It was the hour of sunrise, and that once-worshipped god of the Persians was then lifting his glorious forehead over the heights of the city: and from every minaret the Mussulman's bell of prayer called on all true believers to rise to their orisons. Haroun heard not the call, but he knew the hour, and quieting the murmurs of his mind for a moment, he turned eastward, and prostrating himself on his face, worshipped in silence and seriousness the new god—the one god—of whom Mahomet was the prophet. His prayers performed, he arose from the green earth, and forgot in devout thoughts the discontented maxim of Sadi the philosopher. Next to his devotions, it is a believing Persian's duty to absolve himself morning and evening. Haroun, who was either too much a lover of loneliness, or too sullen to visit the public baths, contented himself with the more wholesome waters of the river; and stripping his scanty and tattered vestments off, he plunged into the stream with so hearty a goodwill, that you might have supposed he never meant to come up again with a living face to the light. He came up again, however, after some moments, and it was easy to perceive, by the length of time he had passed under the water, that something extraordinary had kept him there longer than

was usual, for he came up to the surface gasping for breath, and shouting out vehemently, when he had caught it again, "Oh great and good Alla! what hast thou sent me here?" After much struggling, and diving down again and again, he appeared to be moving some heavy body from the deep water to the shoals of the river side, a labor which he very ingeniously performed by striking out backwards with his feet below the wave, his head still being above it. After a few moments' rest, he rolled on to the shore a huge earthen jar, such as is used by the merchants of the East to transport their oils in from trading-mart to trading-mart. Without waiting to dress himself, further than to slip into his loose trowsers and poor pelisse, he began, with many sinewy efforts, to rear the ponderous jar, heavier than its size might seem to warrant, with the weight of its contents. Having placed it on end, he perceived that its mouth was hermetically sealed: he looked about, therefore, for some instrument to break it, and finding nothing so capable as a huge stone which had been flung up by the tide, he seized it, and lifting it high over his head with both hands, dropped it, like the hammer of a smith on his anvil, upon the mouth of the jar, which broke in with the blow, and displayed to his staring eyes contents more precious than the oil of Tarshish—gold and diamonds! Poor Haroun almost shrieked with surprise and with the agitation which this sudden gift of fortune's had struck through all his senses. After some delirious moments spent in shouts of joy, in clapping his hands, and dancing extravagantly about this precious jar, he threw himself, in his delirium, on the ground, and gave praise to Mahomet, who was then the best of prophets, for Haroun was then the best of believers. Then leaping lightly on his feet, he began to think how he might conceal and convey away with secrecy his new-found treasures, which would else be no sooner found than lost; but the extravagance of his mind would allow him no cool moment for thought, and all he could do was to dabble with his hands among his gold and jewels; and now put on the seal, and now snatch it off, to gaze with more than a miser's fondness on his glistening darlings. Then he shut them down again, and cried out, "Oh, Alla! what a murmuring wretch was I, to agree with the blasphemous Sadi, that though whatever is was to be, yet nothing is as it should be!" And then he fell to dancing again, and hugging the jar with embracing arms, as fond as if it had been a fair-eyed girl of the vallies of Circassia. At length, his delirium being spent, and his joy, from his intensity, turning to tears, still clasping it within his arms, and fell into this fantastic rumination. "Surely I am son to Fortune, and never knew Penury but by his hated name, or, if I did, never shall be more acquainted with him, for I am now richer than Ophir for gold, and brighter than Golconde for diamonds. In riches, I am the companion of kings, for greatness ever follows fortune, and wisdom follows greatness; I am great now, and I shall be wise in due season—I can wait till I am served. But greatness cannot lie, or sit, or even put his head into low hovels without injury to his greatness; it is therefore highly becoming that I should quit directly my wooden hut on the osier isle, and seek for a palace ready erected to deposit my greatness in, or else to command that one shall be erected fit and proper for my reception. In the mean time I shall be requested as a particular favor to take up my abode in the palace of the King; and as I fully purpose not to be proud, and forgetful of my former poverty, I may, after some hesitation, consent, and shall merely require of him to retire to his hunting-court in the plains, till I have done with it. He will of course comply with this moderate and modest proof of the confidence he may safely entertain of my high regard for him, and I shall live splendidly and feed sumptuously at my leisure. My bread will be served to me on platters of silver, my meats in dishes of gold, and my sherbet in vases and cups carved out of the onyx, and a hundred precious stones will enrich the brims. My slaves will fear my frown; I shall show no feeling for them, for he who feels for a slave is a slave himself at heart. My women, of course, will all love; they must be handsome,

for I am handsome, I have every reason to think. I will not indulge incontinent appetites, therefore a hundred of the fairest of the fair of Georgia and Circassia shall content me; and, with the blessing of Alla, these will produce to my bed—say, two hundred sons and daughters, as the olive branches of my domestic happiness.—The boys will become princes, from their extraordinary deserts, as generals, conquerors, and legislators; and the European world, which is but a small part of the world after all, will tremble at the name of any one of the race of Aboulim: the girls will become empresses, queens, and princesses, from the beauty which they will inherit from their father and mothers: more monarchs, and those the mightiest of the mighty, will sigh for them than can possibly win them, for only the most imperial of emperors and kingly of kings will, of course, be successful in their ambitious pretensions to degrade the daughters of Aboulim to condescend to sit upon their thrones.

The rest must wait with becoming resignation till I vaha begotten a hundred other daughters, when they may perhaps, but it is just as it may happen, be honored in their turn, upon their betraying a proper sense of the honor reserved for them. As for the rejected, they may either hang, drown, slay, or poison themselves, whichever is most convenient to them; or, if they decline either of those deaths, and can still desire to live under the disgrace of my refusal, they have but to resign their several thrones, and the father of emperors, the begetter of Kings, and the filler of thrones, will, in the munificence of his generosity take care that their subjects shall not want sovereigns while there is one of the sons of Haroun Aboulim the Sublime, unprovided for. I shall live to witness all these exceedingly possible circumstances come to pass, and shall be the wonder and admiration of the world. My baskets (were they baskets which I amused my idle hours in making? Yes, I think I recollect, they were baskets!) my baskets, I say, will be sought after by the curious of all the globe, who will prize them as highly as they deserve to be estimated, as the rarest and most curious of curiosities; nation will war with nation for the possession of one of them, and thousands, nay, millions of common lives will be considered a cheap sacrifice; a too moderate price for the purchase. Every kingdom in the world will send out ambassadors to do me homage; and the princes and nobles who will come in their trains, will consider themselves exceedingly honored if I condescend to kick my slippers in disdain among them. After a hundred years enjoyment of these poor honors, so unworthy of me, and which indeed, will come infinitely short of my great deserts, tired of the feeble endeavors of the world to do me homage, I shall die—(must I die? Is there any absolute necessity that I should? Yes, I suppose I must die, out of respect to so absurd a custom—an act of conformity which the little minds of the vulgar world are apt to insist upon from the great ones,) and the remaining world will weep my death, and the thousand cities that are in it contend for the honor of my birth; but there I shall disappoint the avaricious of so high an honor, for I shall leave it as strict injunction to the princes my sons, who will at their death impose it on the kings their sons, who, when they die, will enjoin the emperors their sons, who resigning the insignificant crowns of this world to reign in paradise, will command the empresses, their wives, to impress upon the minds of the young emperors, their sons, the heavy responsibility of the duty which will devolve upon them in confiding to the princes, their sons, the great secret which their son's grandsons are not too unguardedly to reveal to their son's, lest their son's sons should too precipitately disclose the sublime, the important fact, which only their last son's son should publicly declare (the two thousand years of this mighty mystery having expired), that I was certainly born in the ever renowned and then more than ever to be renowned city of Shiraz, when all the other famous cities of the earth will console themselves in their disappointment as well as they can, with the murmuring maxim of Sadi the philosopher, "that whatever is was to be, though nothing is as it should be."

Here his delicious dream of greatness was interrupted, for at that moment he thought he heard (as he still lay on the

ground encircling with both arms the waist of the jar,) the seal lifted gently off by a hand that was not his, and looking up, he saw to his consternation, a sturdy villain, whom he recognized as a well-known river robber, standing over him with a dagger in one hand, whilst the other was thrust wrist high among his gold and jewels. Haroun started, and for a moment looked fear-struck; but recovering his courage, he roared out, "What dost thou here, villain?"—"What, callest thou me villain? retorted the robber roughly; "art not thou a greater villain, that thou hast more gold than thou canst carry, whilst I have not a beggarly piece of gold to give a faquir for his blessing, when I ask it?" But nothing is as it should be: one man has every thing, and another nothing.—I shall, however, strive to make a more equal partition of the good things of the world, and shall lighten thee of a part of thy share of too much." And so saying, he began snatching upon the diamonds and gold, and thrusting them by handfuls into his pockets. Haroun at this leaped on his feet in disregard of his dagger, and dealing him a right handed blow under the ear, being by nature strong, and by this outrage made stronger, he sent the gasping robber stunned and headlong into the river, where he sunk like a lump of lead to the bottom, Haroun looking on at his struggles, and not attempting to save him, though being an expert swimmer and diver he might, if he had felt so inclined; but the maxim of Sadi, that, "whatever is, was to be," deterred him, and so he let the shrieking and struggling wretch drown under his very nose, and like a good Mussulman gave Mahomet praise, that so much of his riches had escaped the robber's hand.

Now it happened, unluckily for the lucky Haroun, that the whole of his encounter with the robber had been observed from the opposite shore by some of the myrmidons of the law who having crossed the river by the first bridge, had come round to the spot where Haroun was still employed, partly in thanksgivings to Mahomet for his marvellous escape, and partly in contrivances how he might best convey away his treasures. He had just resolved to carry off as much as he could safely secrete about him, and then after sealing up the jar, to roll it back into the river again, and daily visit it until he had emptied it; he had filled his pockets, and was about to seal up the jar, when he was seized on the sudden by two of the hardest hands he had ever felt, and looking round he saw that he was in the iron gripe of the law. His heart sunk within him, and his knees rattled together like dry bones. "Come, come, my honest friend," said one of them, "as you have just murdered a man, and cannot spend these riches between this hour and that when the bowstring will be your necklace, we will carry you and your treasures in the king's name, to the palace of the Cadi, where you will find justice, and an executioner of excellent skill in his art, and be thoroughly satisfied that every thing is as it should be."

There were six of these officers—it was in vain therefore, for Haroun to think of remonstrating with them, as he had done with the robber, so he submitted himself without a blow. Having bound his hands behind him, they ordered him to march on before them, which he did, casting many a wistful look at the jar, as two or three of the stoutest of his guards hauled it along. Poor Haroun's present situation contrasted so miserably with the extravagant expectations he had indulged in, in his late reverie, that he could not help exclaiming, in that tone of melancholy humor which was characteristic of him, "Where are the kings my sons, that they suffer Haroun Aboulim the Sublime to endure these insults?" The officers hearing this thought him mad from extreme love of wealth: then they looked at him, and thought him too young for a miser: however, they respected his jar and its contents very honestly, although Haroun, continually turning round to the three lusty fellows who bore it slowly along, seemed to hint at a silent suspicion which he entertained, that they had itching palms.

At length they reached the palace of the Cadi; and there the medley mob of curious citizens who had followed at the heels of the unfortunate Haroun became numerous and more numerous. He was proverbial among them for his discontented disposition, and for his sullen scorn of his poor

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estate, and the poor companions which poverty makes a man intimate with, as if to reconcile him to his own lot, by shewing him the lot of others as much neglected by fortune as himself; and now, learning that he was seized for murder, and that great treasures had been found in his keeping, they took care to testify how well they remembered his few faults; and some spat at him, and some threw dirt in his face, and others dirtier execrations, till he had reached the very threshold of the palace; but Haroun heeded not their scoffs, nor did he care much for their spittle; he contented himself with recommending to them that they had much better preserve the latter to wet their fingers withal, in case they should happen to burn them; and then disconsolately consoled himself, "that nothing was as it should be."

It was in that day the law of Shiraz, that where one man had killed another, he should make all the reparation in his power to the surviving wives and children if there were any, and it was agreed to by both parties—by husbanding the one and fathering the other, so that the culprit was condemned to life rather than to death: he had, however, the option, whether he preferred the bands of matrimony to the bowstring of justice. But if there were neither wives nor children, he was strangled forthwith, unless he could produce golden objections to this summary proceeding, and these met with the entire approbation of the Cadi, who had, in these cases, a particular leaning to the side of mercy, and loved very much to see the two scales of justice, one kicking the beam with a bowstring rolled up in it, and the other kissing the ground with a satisfying consideration of pieces of gold flung promiscuously in by no miserly hand. Indeed the Cadi's love of mercy was well-known, and a handsome bribe handsomely, that is, covertly, conveyed, was never known to fail in loosening the bowstring at the tightest moment in which a reprieve could be of service. It was but the day previous that he exhibited this tender failing of his, in the case of a young gentleman of good family, who had unfortunately happened to strangle his grandfather merely to obtain his handsome grandmother, who happened in this particular instance to be a year or two younger than the young gentleman himself, instead of being as is too commonly the case, a century or thereabouts older; he was, however, condemned to the bowstring, at the particular intercession of several really venerable grandmothers, who thought, very wisely, that an example was necessary in this instance, for there was no knowing to what such a crime may lead if it was not timely checked; there were, alas! to the shame of the charity of the citizens of Shiraz, some who thought that those old ladies were sinister in this recommendation, and that their anxiety for justice arose from another feeling—their despair that any young and handsome grandson of theirs would ever run the same risk for the same end.

It was customary to tighten the bowstring about the necks of the condemned, whether they were to be strangled or spared, to keep up the appearance of justice, lest the poor rascals of which mobs are composed should cry out, that the bowstring of the law was not made to fit the neck of your rich rascals, which had been a calumny that might have made Justice herself to pull the bandage she wears over her eyes down over her entire face, to conceal her shame.—The fatal string was, therefore, duly entwined round the neck of the young gentleman, and the word "to pull" was given, but just as he began to chuckle in the throat, and look sanguine in complexion, and to stare blind Justice rather rudely in the face, the merciful Cadi relented and cried out, "Pray, don't hurt the young gentleman!" the two ends of the bowstring of Justice dropt harmlessly over his shoulders like a taselled ornament; and the condemned grandson rose on his feet, and like a polite young gentleman as he was, he made the grand salaam of compliment to the Cadi; who, also rose, like a well-bred and urbane judge as he also was, and returned his salutation; but, unfortunately for the credit of clemency, he dropt at the same moment, from beneath the ample folds of his robes, a heavy purse of gold which he had just received from the young grandmother's hand, as she stood behind the judgement-seat, who, poor young gentlewoman, doubtless thought it extremely

hard that she was to lose a husband who was so venerably old, and a lover who was so handsomely young, both in one day. The rascal mob murmured at this delicate distinction of the Cadi's, who indignantly ordered the court to be cleared, after a dozen of the mere obstreperous had been well bastinadoed for their impertinence in interrupting the course of justice. However, he repaired this seeming dereliction in the same day, for a ragged, rascally, poor villain was brought before him, charged with stealing, from an uncontrollable hunger which the vagabond indulged in, part of a cold kid that had been left in the Cadi's larder; and having neither gold, nor friend who had it, and was willing to come down with it, he was strangled with the utmost punctuality, and the Cadi ate what he had left of the kid with the greater relish, that any one should have admired it so much as to run his neck into the bowstring for dining off it.

Before this lover of justice and mercy, the trembling and chop-fallen Haroun was dragged by the many-armed law.—"We have brought into the presence of the mirror of magistracy, the medium of mercy, the mouth of wisdom, the tongue of truth, the sword of severity, and the tight string of terror, a singular sort of knave, who has robbed even a robber," said the officers to the Cadi. "Robbed him of what?" demanded the Cadi. "Of life," answered the myrmidons of the law. "Bring in the bowstring, and order up the coffee," commanded the magistrate. "But," urged Haroun, with a whining voice, "this robber whom I have only drowned, my lord the Cadi, would have robbed my lord the King!" "Of what, knave?" roared the Cadi. "Of this jar of jewels and gold, which I had commanded him in the King's name to aid and assist me in conveying to the coffers of the muscle of monarchs, the pearl of princes, the diamond of dignity, light of the sun and moon, goldsmith of the stars, lord of the four-and-twenty umbrellas, parasol of Persia, milk of mercy, cream of courtesy, and seat of the five-and-twenty fistulas, the princeliest proof of the duration of his sitting on the throne of his ancestors (who were the first-made of men), and of the length of his reign over Persia, which reigns over all the rest of the world," answered the wily Haroun, who knew well enough that the only safe way to play unarmed with power was to smooth down its paw, and forget that it had talons. "Oh, if that is the case, let the coffee take precedence of the bowstring, and we will in our clemency hear thee unfold thy tale," countermanded the clement Cadi. The coffee was brought:—"And now, slave, propound the possession of this wealth." Then Haroun told the story of his finding the treasure, and where; and calculating very shrewdly, that a living basket-maker was better than a dead one, he made it appear how honestly he meant to serve his lord the King in the whole affair, and that his zeal for his rights had been the sole cause of the unfortunate death which he had dealt the robber. "I could have saved him, as I am a good swimmer," urged the wary Haroun, but would it have become an honest man and a true subject to save a robber of his King?" "You are an honest fellow and a brave subject, and argue like a wise one, too," said the Cadi, putting off his judicial frown for a judicious smile. "The treasures which you have found are undoubtedly the King's, for they were taken from a river in his kingdom: I therefore claim them in the name of the king, my master," continued the Cadi, laying his hand upon the mingled heap of diamonds and gold. As he drew it back again, Haroun observed that to the Cadi's hand, being perhaps rather warm and moist, several of the diamonds had adhered rather tenaciously, especially in the palm and between the fingers; but it would ill have become him to observe more than this, especially in a minister of justice, whose hands, beside the diamonds, held the two ends of the bowstring of strangulation. The Cadi, having adjusted his inner robes, which at that moment, from his fumbling so much among them, seemed to sit ill upon him, began now to make the usual judicious enquiries. "Had this robber any wives?" for no man in Persia who has the courage to wife at all, has the prudence to restrict himself to one wife; he must have a plurality of wives, or none. "He had, my lord the Cadi," answered an officer.—"How many?" "Only four," was the reply. "Only four,"

exclaimed Haroun ; " Oh Mahomet ! that a thief should be indulged with four wives, whilst an honest poor man like myself has not yet been blessed with one ! But this, among other things, induces me to agree with the philosopher Sadi, that ' nothing is as it ought to be.' " " What children had he ? " still further enquired the Cadi. " Forty, my lord," replied the officer. " You must husband the wives, honest Haroun, and father the children," commanded the Cadi, addressing himself to the astounded basket-maker. " What ? " exclaimed he, " marry an honest man to the four wives of a notorious robber ? " " The better reason," urged the Cadi ; " you must thus make honest women of them." " But the young rogues, his sons—what can I hope for with forty thieves for my sons ? I have not forty jars to suffocate them in," half whimpered he.

" Teach them honesty," counselled the Cadi, as he toyed with the diamond heap, and slid his hand under his robes.—" Oh Mahomet, that is too much ! " cried Haroun ; " bring in the bowstring, and shew me the suddenest way to Paradise." " Tush, tush, man," soothed the Cadi ; " the King, in consideration of your loyalty and singular honesty, will, in his liberality, portion you with an hundred pieces, and you will be rich, which few honest men expect to be, if not happy, which no husband with four wives hopes to be."

At this moment the bowstringers entered. Haroun eyed them attentively, and sighed out, " Well, lead me to my fate ! " " Which fate ? " inquired the officers ; " the string or the wives ? " " Is there any difference ? " asked Haroun of one of the executioners, who happened to be an old acquaintance ; " I ask you as a friend ? " continued he, looking at him with a face most pathetically perplexed. " There is ; and be advised by me," said the humane strangler ; " the King, being old, has a marvellous love for gold and diamonds, and will not fail to reward him who adds so largely to his stores as you have done. It is the interest, too, of the Cadi, to see that you are not forgotten in this matter, for he will not forget himself. Be advised, then, good Haroun, and live."—" Well, since it must be so, the wives—whatever is was to be, I suppose," murmured he disconsolately.

He was accordingly led out of the court to the house of the robber, which was hard by, and in a few minutes they had entered the doors. It was a handsome and well furnished mansion, which showed that the late proprietor was a thriving thief. His wives and children were with all possible tenderness informed of the melancholy circumstance of his death : the wives were employed in domestic matters at the time ; they did not, however, suspend their business for a moment, but went on with their work as if nothing had happened to their late lord and master. The children were at their sports when they were informed of their father's death ; they whooped and gambolled, and continued their race after the blue-winged natives of Cashmeer just as before the melancholy tidings, and seemed nothing moved, unless their emotion was expressed in their riotous rollings over the grass and over one another. " I have four of the most tender-hearted wives in Shiraz, and forty of the most filial children that ever blessed a man who was not their father ! But whatever is was to be, I suppose, and though nothing is as it should be, there are many things which might be worse than they are. I must be content, and squeeze as much honey out of my lemons as I can," sighed the disconsolate Haroun, as he motioned the officers to withdraw : they obeyed, and he was left to his own solitary reflections.—" Well," mused he, " with the diamonds I have secreted about me, and the hundred pieces I have promised, the husband of the four wives and the forty children of a robber is at any rate richer than the single basket-maker with no pieces and diamonds. As I am in the pit, I must live in it ; so my wives, do you hear, jades, prepare a bath and a bed for your new lord and master, and I will love you as much as the old one to-morrow." " Ah, my lord," sighed the four wives with one voice, as if by concert—" My lord ! " humped Haroun, swelling at the title ; " come this is an improvement on the poor knave, the basket-maker of yesterday ! " " My lord ! " continued the woman, " if you love us no more than our late lord, we should be happier to remain disconsolate widows, for he was old." " Well, well," said Haroun,

" enough for to-morrow is the evil of to-morrow. There, bid the thirty boys, my sons, to cease shouting, and the ten girls, my daughters, to hold their prattling, that the stranger their father may sleep. But well remembered, sweet wives—I am hungry as well as weary : what, now, have you for supper ? for I will not wink till I am fed ? " One of the women left the chamber, and in a moment returned with a large silver dish, holding, as its contents, a boiled chicken, lying inisled, as it were, in a small ocean of the milk of goats thickened with the whitest of rice. " That is a fit dish for the cousin of the sun ! " exclaimed the delighted Haroun, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and smacking his lips with expectation. His fingers were in the dish in a moment, and in another the tenderly-boiled fowl was amputated limb from limb. " By the mouth of Mahomet," said he, chuckling and choking with hungry haste and enjoyment of his savory meal, " I cannot help thinking how the old rascal, your late husband of this morning, hoped to have relished this fine fowl for his supper to-night ? and how he is where he cannot eat—and may be eaten, for I'll be sworn the fishes are already nibbling at his nose, which was a taking bait for a prince among the fishes, it was so rosy and well fed." As he uttered this conceit he threw himself backwards on his pillow with a fowl-bone in his mouth, half-choking with that and his laughter. It was the first time he had laughed for many a moon ; and he stretched his sides now till he was glad to hoop them in with equal hands, whilst his lungs crowded like a cock's. The wives affected to be hurt at his levity, and looked as disconsolate as widows ever appear to be. " And how the old ruffian roared," continued Haroun, " to be saved from drowning ! You would have thought he had been the most honest and worthy fellow in Shiraz, instead of being the greatest rascal in it—except the Cadi.—Had I been in his place in the river, and he in mine out of it, I would not have bawled for life with half the lungs he used, no, not for a hundred purses added to the hundred and fifty he hoped this morning to live long enough to take from their lawful owners. But thus it is ; your rich rogue loves to live, whilst your poor honesty wishes only to die. However, to pay the devil his tribute-money, I must confess that the old rascal had a princely taste in women, for he has left me four of the handsomest wives that the sun shall see in a day's journey. Come hither, you pretty rogues." The disconsolate widows smiled, and began to cling about him. Haroun kissed them all with thorough heartiness, and with a fondness which was new to them. This was a promising compliment from a good-looking young fellow, and they shewed by their attentions to him how sensible they were of the force of it. " And now, wives, take away the dish, and hand me a kaleoon of the best Shiraz, and some sherbet, for I will smoke, drink, and ruminate awhile."—These delicacies were brought him ere the words of his wish were cold ; and between the sippings of sherbet and the puffs of his pipe, he indulged his attentive wives with a few interrupted terms of endearment. After some time thus spent, he dismissed them, with this command :—" Wives, leave me, for I feel that I am growing profound." The fact was, he was growing fuddled. They obeyed ; and knocking out the old man's ashes from the top of his pipe, he finished it with as much satisfaction as if he had begun it. " Well," ruminated he, " Time was not bald in a day, nor the world made after dinner of an orange. I am not so rich as I was in the morning—but I am richer, ay, and happier than I was last night. Give Allah thanks, honest Haroun, for you are in favor with fortune : you have four handsome wives, abundance of fair children, you have a house instead of a hut, a hundred pieces of gold in promise from the Cadi, and a hundred or so of diamonds, which you may carry into Turkey, under pretence of visiting a rich relation there, and of so safely disposing of them, and come back with camels laden with merchandize to your wives and children, who may yet, under your tuition, seeing as they must the worth and wisdom of their father, become princes and princesses ; and you may yet be renowned throughout the world, for converting the sons of a robber into honest and great men." With flattering thoughts such as these, together with sherbet and tobacco,

he gradually lulled his senses, and after he had stretched himself with a yawn and a shudder at its close, he dropt his pipe, which was now out, and then himself, on the couch, and was soon asleep. His wives returned, and seeing that he was drowned in a deep slumber, they began to examine the superficies of their new lord; and as he was a younger and a handsomer man than their late lord and tyrant, it was agreed by the four voices as one, that the exchange was certainly for the better; so they covered him up carefully and comfortably, and on tiptoe left the chamber.

He had not long been asleep when it might be perceived, by his tossing, and tumbling, and muttering, that he was dreaming. His imagination, excited by the accidents of the day, began to wing to the remotest lands of speculation, and now he was, in his deceitful dream, a merchant, rich as the Ind; and now a king, beloved of his people and the terror of the rest of the world; and now he was again the poor basket-maker, eating of scanty bread; and now still lower in the grade of misery—a beggar, spurned from a rich man's door. But at length, from the hurry and contradictions of his dreaming, his fancy flew with a more regular wing, and he thought he was lying in a beautiful valley, discontented and pining under the ills of life, and wishing for death, when a beautiful acacia, against which his back was leaning, began sensibly to move, although there was not so much wind in that valley as would have flickered the flame of a little lamp; when turning his eyes round to behold the occasion of it, he saw, and was wonder-struck, the trunk of the tree gradually open, as it had been riven from the head to the root by a slow but sharp lightning; and a beautiful spirit, whom he instantly knew, from traditional description, to be one of the better genii, stepped forth from its centre, enveloped in a golden-colored glory, that shot around her a thousand separate beams, which in a few moments paled into a more silvery light, and at the same time mingled its distinct beams, till they melted into a wide and radiant halo, as if the moon had fallen from her height in the heavens, but had not lost any ray of her beauty or glory. There was a delicious noise of music around him, which seemed, to his ear, to arise from the very bosom of the earth, through the lips of the violets and roses which grew about his feet; which, although it was night, as he dreamed, yet opened visibly and gradually to his eye, as if they had mistaken the light that spread among them to be the blaze of the sun; and the waters of the valley, which before ran noisily along, seemed to lose their motion, and stood in silence, or only slightly stirred under the vibrations of that unearthly harmony. Haroun, awed by the presence and the manner of the appearing of so fair a vision, had turned himself from his recumbent posture, and had bent himself on one knee, keeping his face to the green earth, which glittered as if sprinkled with diamonds more numerous than the myriad stars of the milky way. And now the good spirit addressed him, the unearthly music meanwhile not altogether ceasing, but only subduing itself into a quieter accompaniment of her voice, as if it were indeed a part of it.

"Arise, Haroun Aboulim, from that posture of lowliness, for thy virtues have exalted thee to a place in the favor of the good Genius whom I serve, and I am his messenger to thee, bringing thee a knowledge which shall make thee even richer than thy deserts, great as they are, would warrant. Know, then, that thou art the son of Haroun Schemzeddin, the wealthiest diamond-merchant and usurer of the East; he who might have bought the world if it had been to be purchased, so boundless were his riches; but none knew the extent of them save the good spirits, who watch over all, the good and the bad, the poor and the rich, for he had amassed too much to confess his wealth, though it was suspected. It was in that war which ravaged and desolated the beautiful valleys and the gorgeous cities of Persia, that thy father, fearful lest the rapacious enemy, and his hardly less rapacious countrymen, should seize on his great treasures, under the all-concealing cloak of night sank his gold and diamonds beneath the waters of the stream which refreshes the thirsty Shiraz, intending, when the dove of peace had returned to Persian bowers, to bring them as covertly to the day again.

But, in the mean time, in the first contest within the walls of the city, he was struck to the heart by a death-aimed arrow, and died on the instant, with no word of disclosure on his lips of where his treasures lay hidden. 'Thou wast then an innocent and helpless child, protected by the good genii, and had never been owned as his son: for though he was ancient when he died, he had never wedded, and thou, poor child of sin, wast born in the very rising of that moon which set on thy father's grave, and wast never acknowledged for his son, for indeed he never beheld thee, nor did he know of thy birth, else perhaps his heart, though locked and sealed with avarice, might have opened at beholding the son of his old age, and melted to pity of thy innocent helplessness; but it was ordained otherwise, and heaven is just and merciful. Thy miserable mother died in giving thee life, and thou wast all-deserted, except by the succoring hand of the good Providence, who poured the milk of a mother between thy little lips from the bosom of a stranger; and thus thou wast reared to live, and, from an infant, became that goodly tree, when its fruits are good, a man. The hardness, and neglect, and poverty of thy youth thou thyself art acquainted withal, I need not therefore remember them for thee; but think not they were unobserved, or that they will go unrewarded; no, for although the son of sin, thou hast never shewn the vices of thy parents, but hast lived soberly, chastely, and honestly by the unprofitable sweat of thy brow—not indeed, without some murmurings at thy poor estate, yet still with no wicked impugning of the wise will of heaven, which better knows and regulates than man what and when it shall give, and when and what it shall take away. This forbearance and these virtues are now to be rewarded. Know, then, that the treasure which thou didst this day discover was a parcel only of the wealth of thy father, a little part, for under the same wave thou shalt find still twenty jars of gold and precious jewels, each one worth a monarch's crown and a king's ransom.' Haroun, at this news, started violently from his couch; but the dream had too fast chained his senses to suffer him to awake.

The beneficent Being continued, "Be wise, Haroun, in thy happiness, and be tongueless in thy secrecy. Let the king, thy master, enjoy in quietness the treasures he has claimed, so shall he not disturb thee in the possession of the treasures which still are thine. These thou wilt bring up from the bosom of the waters by night, letting none but the two elder of the boys, now thy children, know the secret of their concealment, for these by a charm I have placed upon their tongues, are made trustworthy, though they were the sons of one whom honesty might never trust. Be not too prodigal in the show of thy great fortunes, but live wisely, and then thou shalt not fail to live virtuously; for who that is wise but must understand the worth and value of virtue, so as resolutely to eschew evil. Be a husband to the women now thine, who may be brought back to goodness: for there is nothing so vile but has a seed of virtue in it, which, though it lies unrooted in the bosom, as upon stony ground, may, with the culture of a careful hand, become instinct with being, and bring forth excellent fruits in due season. To their children be more than their father, for he would have made them the ministers of evil, but let it be thy task to make them the ministers of good; they are as yet uncorrupted by the sins of their father, being innocently young, and may become the olive-branches of thy table, and the examples of the young yet unborn. Go now, bring forth a twentieth part of thy treasures; be wise in husbanding them, be wary in concealing them; be generous, above all things, in their use, especially to the poor, whom thou, who hast pined with poverty, must naturally pity, knowing what wretches suffer in their need. Be not lifted with pride, nor poor with too much riches, and thus shalt thou be as great as thou hast ever dreamed to be, and as happy as heaven can render thee on earth, and blessed with the blessed hereafter. Arise, Haroun, from thy reverent posture, and go and be happy thyself, and make the poor and miserable happy!"

Here the good genius ceased, and Haroun, as he still dreamed, made many a holy promise to the strict performance of her will, and argse, as he thought from the ground, and being motioned to depart for his home, he touched his

forehead reverently with both hands, again bowed his face to the earth, and when he lifted his eyes once more to gaze upon the beautiful and beneficent being, she was gone like the dew from a sun-kissed stone. He started at this so violently that he awoke, and on looking about him, beheld that the chamber was illumined by a light that did not seem the light of day—it was more beautiful; and he heard audibly a faint hum as of receding music, which died gradually away, like the last sighs of an expiring perfume. He could hardly believe that he had dreamed, but rather imagined that he had had audience of the good Spirit's minister where he then lay, and not in the valley of his vision. However, whether delusive dream or waking certainty, he resolved to examine further into the river, and leaping up hastily from his couch, and slipping on his pelisse, slippers, and cap, he left the house alone and quietly, and bent his way eagerly to the river's bank, as fast as impatience, that fast-footed mule, could carry him.

It was not yet sunrise, although it was early day, and no one was yet abroad. Arrived at the spot of all his hopes, he prostrated himself, and breathed a hasty prayer, then stripping himself in a moment, he dived like a diamond-slave to the bottom, where swimming under water downward toward the sea, the first object which he met with was the dead body of the robber, lying entangled among the weeds. He recollects the diamonds he had snatched from him yesterday, and so determined to bring him again up to the light: this was soon done, and he dragged him on shore; the dagger was still fast clutched in one hand, and the diamonds in the other. Haroun forced open his death-frozen fingers, and extracted the glittering prisoners, and then left him on the shore, as if newly washed up, with the dagger still pointed in his hand, which would confirm the story of his death. He looked with pity on him, the terror of the honest and the slayer of the harmless, and could hardly forbear shedding a tear over his lifeless body, as terrible in death as it was in life. He then plunged again into the stream, and explored the bed of it for sometime without success, when, just as he was beginning to despair, and wearied with fatigue, had crawled up the bank, intending to search no farther, convinced that his dream was all a delusion, he beheld, a little lower down, a small golden-sealed fish leap out of the blue waters, and then drop in again, and the next instant it was followed by the bursting up of a thousand drops of water of a diamond-like lustre and beauty. "O, excellent spirit!" he exclaimed, "if I understand the true meaning of those indications, the golden fish shows me where the gold lies, and the water drops where the diamonds lie darkly buried." The fish leaped up again, and the water sprang up like a fountain, and fell in twice a thousand drops into the very circle which their last agitations had made on the surface of the stream. He was now convinced, and leaping in once more, swam to the spot marked out for his search by the rippling rings which still widened on the surface, and diving down, there beheld, as well as the water getting into his eyes would permit, the twenty jars, standing like so many funeral urns of the ancient dead, side by side in a regular row, as if they had been fixed there by some strong-handed power. It was enough, he was satisfied—so getting out of the river, he hurried on his few garments, and hastened home like one distracted, where arriving, he called up his wives, who had not yet shaken off the fingers of sleep from their lids; they heard his call and awoke. "Be happy, my wives, be happy, and bless the gracious and good Alla! for you are the first favorites of heaven and all good spirits." They understood not his words nor his wildness; but nevertheless they seemed happy enough that they had lost their cruel late lord and tyrant for a merry and wild young fellow.

"Call up my children," commanded Haroun, "for I must see them directly, that they may know that they have a father who is a father from heaven to them; call the little rascals my children-chickens hither, for I have some crumbs of comfort that will make each of their two eyes to sparkle with the lustre of four stars, and their lips to tingle with shouting. Go, bring them before me, go—I long to embrace the young rogues, whilst my heart is overflowing with human kindness for them—ay, and for all mankind—go, my

dear good wives." The wives stared and wondered, and, what is most extraordinary, though they were inquisitive, they did not ask a question of Haroun as to the meaning of his extravagance. As for him he dropped from exhaustion on the couch which had been his bed in the morning. He seized his kaleoon, and attempted to sooth the hubbub of his mind into calmness by its grateful, brain-appeasing fumes.—At that moment the children entered with child-like shyness and awe of their new father; they were a handsome lively nest of young rogues. Haroun's good-natured eyes assured them that they had nothing to fear from him, for they ran over with humanity, and a yearning tenderness for their innocent, helpless state. His good-looking and good-humored face, too, was all over one smile of pleasure and satisfaction; and his voice was like a song of love; so that in a few moments he was half choked by their caresses and half smothered by the young urchins themselves, who rolled and clambered up him and over him as he lay on the couch, like so many playful whelps about their father the lion. These indications exhibiting, as decidedly as he could have wished, their opinion of the new father in fond preference of the old one, he kissed them twenty times all round, and telling the boys that they should become princes and the girls empresses, he dismissed them to their breakfast of rice and romping, and calming himself as well as he might, he bade his wives array themselves in their richest robes, if they had any, and if not, to command the presence of the silk merchant, that they might be attired as became the wives of the richest poor man in Shiraz, for they must set out for the mosque that morning, to have all the rites which were to transfer them to their new lord duly solemnized as became a good Mussulman. At this news the wives kissed him very kindly on both cheeks, and having set a breakfast of fowl and fruit and a pleasant liquor before him, they retired to dress themselves as their beauty deserved. Ere he had finished his meal they returned, and truly they might have graced, by their comeliness, the house of a much greater lord than Haroun Aboulim, the basket-maker of Shiraz.

And now, to sum up the fortunes of Haroun the Lonely Man, now no longer so, he honorably, and even proudly, married the four wives of Abu Benzaddin the robber, adopted their children as his, had many sons and daughters of his own by them, and having drawn up the twenty jars at cautious intervals of time, he became gradually the richest merchant in Persia, and none knew how, unless as was conjectured, he had been rewarded by some good genius for his patient endurance of poverty, and the humane willingness with which he submitted to the tender severity of the law, in becoming a kind father to the children of Abu Benzaddin. He lived to a good old age, and was known to all parts of the trading-world for the rare and exceeding worth of the diamonds he dealt in; he acquired the title of "the happy man of Shiraz," instead of his old gloomy title; and the king came purposely from Ispahan to visit him, and was wonder struck at his exceeding riches, and happiness, and generosity. His sons became a glory to him, for some of them were wiser than most men, and all were virtuous; and some became, as his ambitious spirit had dreamed, princes, for in their travels through the cities of the East in search of adventures, they were beloved by the princesses of the several courts at which they were distinguished visitors, both for their prowess and handsomeness; and the daughters either became princesses, or were the wives of the richest merchants of the world, and lived as such, for splendor and honor. And then Haroun having seen nearly every thing accomplished that he had ambitiously desired, died in peace with all men, and beloved by all men; is to this day the proudest name and example among the merchants of Shiraz; and over his tomb, which is constructed of the richest and most costly materials, is still to be seen engraved on a plate of gold, his dying words—"It was to be, and it is, and every thing is as it should be."

PETRARCH'S OPINION OF MONEY.—He who expends it properly, is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; and he who adores it, an idolator.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

From the Irish Penny Journal.

THE FOSTER BROTHER. A TALE OF NINETY-EIGHT.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

There is scarcely a trait of human nature involved in more mystery, or generally less understood, than the singular strength of affection which binds the humble peasant of Irish life to his foster-brother, and more especially if the latter be a person of rank or consideration. This anomalous attachment, though it may to a certain extent be mutual, is nevertheless very seldom known to be equal in strength between the parties. Experience has sufficiently proved to us, that whilst instances of equality in feeling have been known to characterize it, the predominant power of its spirit has always been found to exist in the person of the humbler party. How to account for this would certainly require a more philosophical acquaintance with human nature than has fallen to our lot; we must therefore be content to know that the fact is precisely as we have stated it. Irish history and tradition furnish us with sufficient materials on which to ground clear and distinct proofs that the attachment of habit and contiguity in these instances far transcends that of natural affection itself. It is very seldom that one brother will lay down his life for another, and yet instances of such high and heroic sacrifices have occurred in the case of the foster-brother, whose affection has thus not unfrequently triumphed over death itself. It is certainly impossible to impute this wild but indomitable attachment to the force of domestic feeling, because, while we maintain that the domestic affections in Ireland are certainly stronger than those of any other country in the world, still instances of this inexplicable devotion have occurred in the persons of those in whom the domestic ties were known to be very feeble. It is true, there are many moral anomalies in the human heart with which we are as yet but imperfectly acquainted; and as they arise from some wayward and irregular combination of its impulses, that operates independently of any known principles of action, it is not likely that we shall ever thoroughly understand them. There is another peculiarity in Irish feeling, which, as it is analogous to this, we cannot neglect to mention it. We allude to the *Parisheen*, a term which we must explain at further length to our readers.—When the Dublin Foundling Hospital was in existence, the poor infants whom an unhappy destiny consigned to that gloomy and withering institution were transmitted to different parts of the country, to be nursed by the wives of the lower classes of the peasantry—such as day-laborers, cottagers, and small farmers, who cultivated from three to six or eight acres of land. These children were generally, indeed almost always, called *Parisheens*—a word which could be properly applied only to such as, having no known parents, were supported by the parish in which they happened to be born. It was transferred to the Foundlings, however; although, with the exception of the metropolis, which certainly paid a parish tax for their maintenance, they were principally supported by a very moral act of Parliament, which by the wise provision of a large grant, held out a very liberal bounty to profligacy. At all events the opprobrious epithet of *Parisheen* was that usually fixed upon them.

Now, of all classes of our fellow-creatures, one might almost naturally suppose that those deserted and forsaken beings would be apt, consigned as they uniformly were to the care of mercenary strangers, to experience neglect, ill treatment, or even cruelty itself; and yet, honor be to the generous hearts and affectionate feelings of our humble people, it has been proved, by the incontestable authority of a commission expressly appointed to examine and report on the working of the very hospital in question, that the care, affection, and tenderness with which these ill-fated creatures were treated by the nurses to whom they were given out, was equal, if not superior, to that which was bestowed upon their own children. Even when removed from these nurses to situations in which they were lodged, fed, and clothed, in a far superior manner—they have been known, in innumera-

ble instances, toelope from their masters and mistresses, and return to their old abodes, preferring the indulgence of their affection, with poverty and distress, to any thing else that life could offer.

All this, however, was very natural and reasonable, for we know that even the domestic animal will love the hand that feeds him. But that which we have alluded to as constituting the strong analogy between it and the attachment of the foster-brother, is the well-known fact, that the affection of the children to the nurses, though strong and remarkable, was as nothing when compared with that which the nurses felt for them. This was proved by a force of testimony which no scepticism could encounter. The parting scenes between them were affecting, and in many instances agonizing, to the last degree. Nay, nurses have frequently come up to Dublin, and with tears in their eyes, and in accents of the most unfeigned sorrow, begged that the orphans might be allowed to stay with them, undertaking, rather than part with them, that they would support them at their own expense. It would be very difficult to produce a more honorable testimony to the moral honesty, generosity, and exquisite kindness of heart which characterize our people, than the authentic facts we have just mentioned. They fell naturally in our way when treating of the subject which preceded them, and we could not, in justice to circumstances so beautiful and striking, much less in justice to the people themselves, pass them over in silence.

We shall now relate a short story illustrating the attachment of a foster-brother; but as we have reason to believe that the circumstances are true, we shall introduce fictitious names instead of real ones.

The rebellion of ninety-eight was just at its height when the incidents we are about to mention took place. A gentleman named Moore had a daughter remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments. Indeed, so celebrated had she become, that her health was always drunk as the toast of her native county. Many suitors she had of course, but among the rest two were remarkable for their assiduous attentions to her, and an intense anxiety to secure her affections. Henry Irwin was a high loyalist, as was her own father, whose consent to gain the affections of his daughter had been long given to his young friend. The other, who in point of fact had already secured her affections, was unfortunately deeply involved in, or we should rather say an open leader on, the insurgent side. His principles had become known to Moore, as republican, for some time before the breaking out of the insurrection; in consequence he was forbidden his house, and warned against holding communication with any member of his family. He had succeeded, however, before this, by the aid of Miss Moore herself, who was aware of his principles, in placing as butler in her father's family his own foster-brother, Frank Finnegan—an arrangement which never would have been permitted, had Moore known of the peculiar bond of affection which subsisted between them. Of this, however, he was ignorant: and in admitting Finnegan into his family, he was not aware of the advantages he afforded to the proscribed suitor of his daughter. This interdiction, however, came too late for the purposes of prudence. Ere it was issued, Hewson and his daughter had exchanged vows of mutual affection; but the national outbreak which immediately ensued, by forcing Hewson to assume his place as an insurgent leader, appeared to have placed a barrier between him and her, which was naturally considered to be insurmountable. In the meantime, Moore himself, who was a local magistrate, and also a captain of yeomanry, took an extremely active part in quelling the insurrection, and in hunting down and securing the rebels. Nor was Irwin less zealous in following the footsteps of the man to whom he wished to recommend himself as his future son-in-law. They acted together; and so vigorous were the measures of the young loyalist, that the other felt it necessary in some instances to check the exuberance of his loyalty. This, however, was not known to the opposite party; for as Irwin always seemed to act under the instructions of his friend Moore, so was it obviously enough inferred that every harsh

act and wanton stretch of authority which he committed, was either sanctioned or suggested by the other. The consequence was, that Moore became, if possible, more odious than Irwin, who was looked upon as a rash, hot-headed zealot; whilst the veteran was marked as a cool and wily old fox, who had ten times the cunning and cruelty of the senseless puppet he was managing. In this, it is unnecessary to say, they were egregiously mistaken.

In the meantime the rebellion went forward, and many acts of cruelty and atrocity were committed on both sides. Moore's house and family would have been attacked, and most probably murder and ruin might have visited him and his, were it not for the influence of Hewson with the rebels. Twice did the latter succeed, and on each occasion with great difficulty, in preventing him and his household from falling victims to the vengeance of the insurgents. Moore was a man of great personal courage, but apt to underrate the character and enterprise of those who were opposed to him. Indeed, his prudence was by no means on a par with his bravery or zeal, for he has often been known to sally out at the head of a party in quest of his enemies, and leave his own mansion, and the lives of those who were in it, exposed and defenceless.

On one of those excursions it was that he chanced to capture a small body of the insurgents, headed by an intimate friend and distant relative of Hewson's. As the law at that unhappy period was necessarily quick in its operations, we need scarcely say, that, having been taken openly armed against the King and the Constitution, they were tried and executed by the summary sentence of a court-martial. A deep and bloody vengeance was now sworn against him and his by the rebels, who for some time afterwards lay in wait for the purpose of retaliating in a spirit prompted by the atrocious character of the times.

Hewson's attachment to his daughter, however, had been long known, and his previous interference on behalf of her father had been successful on that account only. Now, however, the plan of attack was laid without his cognizance, and that with the most solemn injunctions to every one concerned in it not to disclose their object to any human being not officially acquainted with it, much less to Hewson, who they calculated would once more take such steps as might defeat their sanguinary purpose. These arrangements having been made, matters were allowed to remain quiet for a little, until Moore should be off his guard: for we must observe here, that he had felt it necessary, after the execution of the captured rebels, to keep his house strongly and resolutely defended. The attack was, therefore, postponed until the apprehensions created by his recent activity should gradually wear away, and his enemies might with less risk undertake the work of bloodshed and destruction. The night at length was appointed on which the murderous attack must be made. All the dark details were arranged with a deliberation at which, removed as we now are from the sanguinary excitement of the times, the very soul shudders and gets sick. A secret, however, communicated even under the most solemn sanction to a great number, stands a great chance of being no secret at all, especially during civil war, where so many interests of friendship, blood, and marriage, bind the opposing parties together in spite of the public principles under which they act. Miss Moore's maid had a brother, for instance, who, together with several of his friends and relatives, being appointed to aid in the attack, felt anxious that she should not be present on that night, lest her acquaintance with them might be ultimately dangerous to the assailants. He accordingly sought an opportunity of seeing her, and in earnest language urged her to absent herself from her master's house on the appointed night. The girl was not much surprised at the ambiguity of his hints, for the truth was, that no person, man or woman, possessing common sense, could be ignorant of the state of the country, or of the evil odor in which Moore and Irwin, and all those who were active on the part of government, were held. She accordingly told him that she would follow his advice, and spoke to him in terms so shrewd and significant, that he deemed it useless to preserve further secrecy. The plot was thus disclosed, and the

girl warned to leave the house, both for her own sake and for that of those who were to wreak their vengeance upon Moore and his family.

The poor girl, hoping that her master and the rest might fly from the impending danger, communicated the circumstances to Miss Moore, who forthwith communicated them to her father, who, again, instead of flying, took measures to collect about his premises, during the early part of the dreaded night, a large and well-armed force from the next military station. Now, it so happened that this girl, whose name was Baxter, had a leaning towards Hewson's foster-brother Finnegan, who in plain language was her accepted lover.—If love will not show itself in a case of danger, it is good for nothing. We need scarcely say that Peggy Baxter, apprehensive of danger to her sweetheart, confided the secret to him also in the early part of the day of the attack. Finnegan was surprised, especially when he heard from Peggy that Hewson had been kept in ignorance of the whole design (for so her brother had told her), in consequence of his attachment to her young mistress. There was now no possible way of warding off such a calamity, unless by communicating with Hewson; and this, as Finnegan was a sound United Irishman, he knew he could do without any particular danger. He lost no time, therefore, in seeing him—and we need scarcely say that his foster-brother felt stunned and thunderstruck at the deed that was about to be perpetrated without his knowledge. Finnegan then left him, but ere he reached home, the darkness had set in, and on arriving, he sought the kitchen and its comforts, ignorant, as were indeed most of the servants, that the upper rooms and out-houses were literally crammed with fierce and well-armed soldiers.

Matters were now coming to a crisis. Hewson, aware that there was little time to be lost, collected a small party of his own immediate and personal friends, not one of whom, from their known attachment to him, had been, any more than himself, admitted to a knowledge of their attack upon Moore. Determined, therefore, to be beforehand with the others, he and they met at an appointed place, from whence they went quickly, and with as much secrecy as possible, to Moore's house, for the purpose not only of apprising him of the fate to which he and his were doomed, but also with an intention of escorting him and all his family as far from his house as might be consistent with the safety of both parties. Our readers are of course prepared for the surprise and capture of honest Hewson and his friends, of whose friendly intentions they are aware. It is too true. Not expecting to find the house defended, they were unprepared for an attack or sally; and the upshot was, that in a few minutes two of them were shot, and most of the rest, among whom was Hewson, taken prisoners on the spot. Those who escaped communicated to the other insurgents an account of the strength with which Moore's house was defended;—and the latter, instead of making an attempt to rescue their friends, abandoned the meditated attack altogether, and left Hewson and his party to their fate. A gloomy fate that was. Assertions and protestations of their innocence were all in vain. An insurgent party were expected to attack the house, and of course they came, headed by Hewson himself, who, as Moore said, no doubt intended to spare none of them but his daughter, and her, only, in order that she might become a rebel's wife. Irwin, too, his rival in love and his foe in politics, was on the court-martial, and what had he to expect. Death; and nothing but the darkness of the night prevented his enemies from putting it into immediate execution upon him and his companions.

Hewson maintained a dignified silence; and upon seeing his friends guarded from the hall where they were now assembled into a large barn, he desired to be placed along with them.

"No," said Moore; "if you are a rebel ten times over, you are a gentleman; you must not herd with them; and besides, Mr. Hewson, with great respect to you, we shall place you in a much safer place. In the highest room in a house unusually high, we shall lodge you, out of which if you escape, we will say you are an innocent man. Frank Finnegan, show him and these two soldiers up to the obser-

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vatory; get him refreshments, and leave him in their charge. Guard his door, men, for you shall be held responsible for his appearance in the morning."

The men, in obedience to these orders, escorted him to the door, outside of which was their station for the night. When Frank and he entered the observatory, the former gently shut the door, and, turning to his foster-brother, exclaimed in accents of deep distress, but lowering his voice, "There is not a moment to be lost; you must escape."

"That is impossible," replied Hewson, "unless I had wings and could use them."

"We must try," returned Frank; "we can only fail—at the most they can only take yourself, and that they'll do at all events."

"I know that," said Hewson, "and I am prepared for it."

"Hear me," said the other; "I will come up by and bye with refreshments, say in about half an hour; be you stripped when I come. We are both of a size; and as these fellows don't know either of us very well, I wouldn't say but you may go out in my clothes. I'll hear nothing," he added, seeing Hewson about to speak; "I am here too long, and these fellows might begin to suspect something. Be prepared when I come. Good bye, Mr. Hewson," he said aloud, as he opened the door; "in troth an' conscience I'm sorry to see you here, but that's the consequence of turnin' rebel against King George, an' glory to him—soon and sudden," he added in an undertone. "In about half an hour I'll bring you up some supper, sir. Keep a sharp eye on him," he whispered to the two soldiers, giving them at the same time a knowing and confidential wink; "these same rebels are like eels, an' will slip as aisly through your fingers—an' the devil a betther one yez have in there;" and as he spoke, he pointed over his shoulder with his inverted thumb to the door of the observatory.

Much about the time he had promised to return, a crash was heard upon the stairs, and Finnegan's voice in a high key exclaiming, "The curse o' blazes on you for stairs, an' hell presume all the rebels in Europe, I pray heavens this night. There's my nose broke between you all!" He then stooped down, and in a torrent of bitter imprecations—all conveyed, however, in mock oaths—he collected and placed again upon the tray on which they had been, all the materials for Hewson's supper. He then ascended, and on presenting himself at the prisoner's door, the blood was copiously streaming from his nose. The soldiers—who by the way were yeomen—on seeing him, could not avoid laughing at his rueful appearance—a circumstance which seemed to nettle him a good deal. "Yez may laugh!" he exclaimed, "but I'd hould a wager I've shed more blood for his majesty this night than either of you ever did in your lives!"

This only heightened their mirth, in the midst of which he entered Hewson's room; and ere the action could be deemed possible, they had exchanged clothes.

"Now," said he, "fly. Behind the garden Miss Moore is waitin' for you; she knows all. Take the bridle-road through the broad bog, an' get into Captain Corny's demesne. Take my advice too, an' go both of you to America, if you can.—But, aisy. God forgive me for pullin' you by the nose instead of shakin' you by the hand, an' me may never see you more."

The poor fellow's voice became unsteady with emotion, although the smile at his own humor was upon his face at the time.

"As I came in with a bloody nose," he proceeded, giving that of Hewson a fresh pull, "you must go out with one. An' now God's blessin' with you! Think of one who loved you as none else did."

The next morning there was uproar, tumult, and confusion in the house of the old loyalist magistrate, when it was discovered that his daughter and the butler were not forthcoming. But when, on examining the observatory, it was ascertained that Finnegan was safe and Hewson gone, no language can describe the fury of Moore, Irwin and the military in general. Our readers may anticipate what occurred. The noble fellow was brought to the drum-head, tried, and sentenced to be shot where he stood; but ere the sentence was put into execution, Moore addressed him—

"Now, Finnegan," said he, "I will get you off if you will tell me where Hewson and my daughter are. I pledge my honor publicly that I'll save your life, and get you a free pardon if you enable us to trace and recover them."

"I don't know where they are," he replied, "and even if I did I would not betray them."

"Think of what has been said to you," added Irwin.—"I give you my pledge also to the same effect."

"Mr. Irwin," he replied, "I have but one word to say.—When I did what I did, I knew very well that my life would go for his; an' I know if he thought so he would be standing now in my place. Put your sentence in execution, I'm prepared."

"Take five minutes," said Moore. "Give him up and live."

"Mr. Moore," said he, with a decision and energy that startled them, "I AM HIS FOSTER BROTHER!"

This was felt to be sufficient; he stood at the appointed place, calm and unshaking, and at the first discharge fell instantaneously dead.

Thus passed a spirit worthy of a place in a brighter page than that of our humble miscellany, and which if the writer of this lives, will be more adequately recorded.

Hewson finding that the insurgent cause was becoming hopeless, escaped, after two or three other unsuccessful engagements, to America, instigated by the solicitations of his young wife. Old Moore died in a few years afterwards, but he survived his resentment, for he succeeded in reconciling the then government to his son-in-law, who returned to Ireland; and it was found by his will, much to the mortification of many of his relatives, that he had left the bulk of his property to Mrs. Hewson, who had always been his favorite child, and whose attachment to Hewson he had himself originally encouraged.

There are two records more connected with his transaction, with which we shall close. In a northern newspaper dated some fifteen years afterwards, there occurs the following paragraph:

"AFFAIR OF HONOUR.—FATAL DUEL.—Yesterday morning, at the early hour of five, a duel was fought between A. Irwin, Esq., and J. Hewson, Esq., of Mooredale, the former of whom, we regret to say, fell by the second fire.—We hope the words attributed to one of the parties are not correctly reported. The blood of Frank Finnegan is now avenged."

The other record is to be found in the churchyard of — where there is a handsome monument erected, with the following inscription :

"Sacred to the memory of Francis Finnegan, whose death presented an instance of the noblest virtue of which human nature is capable, that of laying down his life for his friend. This monument is erected to his memory by John Hewson, his friend and foster-brother, for whom he died."

THE JEWS.—A statistical account of the Jews in Russia has lately been published at St. Petersburg by the Academician Kopper. It appears from it, that the number residing by permission in the seventeen governments is 1,054,349, including both sexes. In Volhynia they are most numerous, constituting a fifteenth part of the whole population. In Poland the greater number is in Warsaw, of which the Jews form one-fourth of the inhabitants; and, indeed, in both Russia and Poland, they are greatly more numerous in the towns than in the country places. In 1837 the total number of Israelites in Poland was 411,307, of whom 336,667 lived in the towns, and 72,630 in the country.

One too many, if not Two.—The young and pretty *grisettes* were walking in the Salle des Pas-Perdus at the Palais de Justice. Both with radiant looks, yet with something of an air of impatience, appeared to await the arrival of some third person. All of a sudden the words, "Le voici!" burst simultaneously, and it would seem involuntarily from their mouths. Prompt as if there had been question of taking their places in a gallop at one of the barrier balls, they both rushed forward to a youthful advocate, Monsieur L., who

was directing his steps towards the first chamber. "Which of the two, Monsieur?" cried both young ladies at the same time. "Answer quick. You shall deceive us no more. Which of the two?" Taken thus aback the young man hesitated slightly at first, but in an instant replied with more than Macheath's coolness, *Ni l'une, ni l'autre!*" This was enough. The outraged damsels were immediately converted into a brace of veritable furies. Both threw themselves on the unfortunate lawyer, and plied him so energetically with their feet and nails that in the twinkling of an eye they would have torn him into ribbands but for the numerous spectators of the scene. The *gardiens* presently repaired to the spot, but the two ruffled pigeons had already disappeared, and their mauled and faithless lover had too much generosity to assist in their recognition.—*Paris paper.*

THE BRIDAL ROBE.

"Pretty goings on, indeed," cried Mrs. Bruggemann, dressing her daughter; "I'll warrant me old Hans Kettler's coffers will soon be emptied by that reprobate prodigal son of his! There's to be a grand feast of the tip-top burgesses, forsooth, and the serving men have all got now liveries, that would be fit for the retinue of the Duke of Burgundy himself. They are rolling in the hampers and barrels of wine as if it was so much water; nothing but the best vintage will go down it seems, with this dainty gentleman. The viands are all of the finest and most costly description, and there have been two extra cooks hired to dress the dinner—while here am I, who little thought, when I married Mr. Bruggemann, the senior partner in the firm, of coming to distress, obliged to fag hard all day long for little more than a dry crust, and to see you working your fingers to the bone to keep life and soul together. I have no patience when I look at that ungraceful Maurice Kettler, and think of all that my husband did for his family, raising them out of the dirt as one may say."

"Nay, but dear mother," returned Lena, "Maurice is in all probability ignorant of the benefit which his father received from mine, and you know that it was not the elder Kettler's fault that the partnership was dissolved. We must strive to forget the errors of one so deservedly dear to us; yet, justice compels me to remind you, that my poor father's tenacious adherence to a ruinous system, was the sole cause of our misfortunes: had he taken Kettler's advice, our circumstances would have been as flourishing as those of his son."

Lena's mild remonstrance was lost upon her mother. She continued to gaze from the narrow window of the mean apartment which she occupied over an out-house, looking upon Maurice Kettler's new mansion and gardens in the suburb of the city, to comment upon the luxury, profligacy, and extravagance of their neighbor, and to lament over her own fallen fortunes. The theme was particularly distressing to Lena: she felt the hardships of her lot very severely, but, resigned to the will of heaven, and depending upon a gracious Providence, she earnestly endeavored to banish discontent from her mind. Bending over the embroidering frame, to which she devoted herself with indefatigable industry, she strove to fix all her attention upon the flowers which sprang up beneath her creative fingers. This state of quietude, however, was not permitted; Mrs. Bruggemann's continual exclamations disturbed her meditative thoughts. Not a fowl, or a ham, or a quarter of venison could pass through Kettler's gate without exciting animadversion. "Oh!" cried the old lady, vexed at Lena's unruffled composure, "if people were honorable and kept their contracts, you would have been the mistress of all this magnificence; but there is no chance of that now; your fine gentleman must needs match himself with nobility, and his marriage with Miss Cunegonde, Baron Hodenburg's daughter, is all the talk, go where one will."

Poor Lena suppressed the sigh which swelled her gentle breast at this speech. She remembered the time when Maurice Kettler delighted to call her his little wife; indeed, so

strongly had the solemnity of the engagement, entered into in more prosperous times between the two families, been impressed upon her young mind, that it was with difficulty she could fancy the possibility of its being dissolved. She tried to exonerate Maurice from all blame: he probably had not heard the subject mentioned so often; and, sent away very young to attend to his father's mercantile concerns at Antwerp, he might have forgotten those idle words which she had cherished in her heart of hearts. It was during the absence of Maurice in Holland that old Bruggemann withdrew from the firm, and, pursuing some very hazardous speculations, lost all his property, and died of a broken heart. In the interim Hans Kettler amassed great wealth, which he bequeathed to his only son, who returned from Antwerp, after a residence of eight years, to take possession of his inheritance. Lena heard of the expected arrival of her beloved playmate with delight: he had been the partner of all her infant sports, her tutor, and her guide; she loved him with undivided affection, for his place had never been supplied by any new connexion, either male or female: as Mrs. Bruggemann maintained a decent pride in her adversity, and though abandoned by her old acquaintance, refused to associate with the mean people who composed the circle around her. Upon the decease of her husband, the distressed widow retired with her daughter to a cheap lodging in the outskirts of the city, where, by spinning and embroidery, they earned a scanty subsistence. The tenement which afforded them shelter was built, as before described, against the wall of a spacious garden; and when they first took possession, the demesne having been long uninhabited, was exceedingly quiet and secluded. Lena liked the spot: after she had finished her day's work, when she found leisure to inhale the fresh air from her window, the whole place in its solitude seemed to belong to her; and she the less regretted the loss of her own flowers, since she could gaze upon the luxuriant though untrimmed blossoms of the parterres below. Both mother and daughter, from the first moment of their misfortunes, cherished a secret hope that Maurice Kettler would fulfil his early engagement, and restore them to their former situation in life. Mrs. Bruggemann had, however, the prudence to make some attempts to conceal this expectation; and Lena was too modest to confess how fully she relied on the promises, made by a boy of fourteen to a girl of ten years old. When sustaining a bitter disappointment in the neglect of the young merchant, who returned to his native place without making any inquiry concerning his old friends, she still remained silent, and would gladly have avoided the subject altogether. But she was not suffered to grieve over her blighted hopes in secret: the vexation of her injudicious parent was ungovernable; she scolded and fretted herself into a fever: and the agitation of her spirits, when beginning to subside, was revived again by an unfortunate circumstance. Maurice Kettler, unaware of the place of Mrs. Bruggemann's retreat, had become the purchaser of the adjoining house and land. Lena now felt much difficulty in tranquilizing the emotions which disturbed her bosom's peace. She could not approach the lattice without catching a glimpse of Maurice. Tall, graceful, and finely proportioned, he still retained the beautiful lineaments which she had so well remembered. His thoughtless good humor, and unbounded liberality, were likewise unaltered; and he seemed changed only in his forgetfulness of her. She was also much distressed by the incessant complaints of her mother. Seldom lifting her thoughts above this world, Mrs. Bruggemann never ceased to bewail the change in her circumstances; and, totally unconscious of her own unworthiness, presumed to charge heaven with injustice in permitting the visitation of so many heavy afflictions. Lena's pious feelings were continually shocked by the utterance of the revolting sentiments of an unregenerate mind, and she vainly tried to inculcate the holy precepts of the gospel, and to bring her nearest and dearest relative to a sense of the divine goodness. Sometimes, in order to soothe her mother's irritability, she would throw up her fine eyes to heaven, pronounce her conviction that better days would ensue; and though she, in common with all true Christians, looked only to a future state for the enjoy-

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ment of pure felicity, yet, depending upon an omnipotent power, she did not despair of attaining happiness on earth.

In addition to her other disquietudes, poor Lena's ideas of propriety were cruelly outraged by the vulgar pleasure which Mrs. Bruggemann derived in watching and commenting upon every thing that passed at her neighbor's; but, too dutiful to reprove the mere follies and mistakes of a parent, she endured the annoyance in silence, striving to subdue her own vexation at the incorrigible disposition which forbade all hope of domestic peace.

The wassail and banqueting at the great house were without end; every night a brilliant illumination shone from the windows, and the sound of revelry and merriment penetrated Lena's distant apartment. Often, too, when the bright moon tipped the trees with silver, a joyous party feasted in the stately garden. Lovers might be seen stealing away through the pleached alleys, chequered only by the rays which came dancing through the waving branches of flowering shrubs; and Maurice Kettler, the life and soul of the entertainment, doing the honors of all his guests, while he lavished the most flattering attentions upon one.—Lena, tired of contention, sometimes suffered herself to be dragged to the window on these occasions; and she struggled hard with her feelings when surveying the haughty airs and disdainful manners of the beautiful Cunegonde. Might she not feel glad, to see how small a chance of happiness there was for Maurice in his ambitious choice?—No, no: she was too gentle, too kind, too forgiving, to indulge a sentiment so inimical to her angelic disposition; and she grieved at the indications of an imperious temper which the intended bride continually displayed. Mrs. Bruggemann, vexed that she could find very few faults in the personal appearance of the lady, and somewhat awed by her proud looks and scornful gestures, openly rejoiced at the prospect of wedded infelicity which awaited the merchant. The gossiping dame's attention was, however, soon called off from the affairs of others by the pressure of poverty at home. She could not find any sale for her yarn; and there was far less demand than heretofore for her daughter's embroidery. Lena bore the privations which their lessened profits entailed upon them with her usual patient sweetness. She toiled from morning until night, devising new patterns, which she trusted would please the eyes of the rich maidens of the city, and bring fresh customers for her needlework; but the trade grew duller and duller, and want absolutely stared her in the face.—“What will become of all your fine predictions now, Lena?” cried Mrs. Bruggemann. “We are likely to starve, I think, before this mighty good fortune, which is to come from nobody knows where, arrives. Ah, you may talk as you will, but it is all destiny; some folks are born to be lucky, while others, far more deserving, are doomed to eat the bread of bitterness all the days of their lives. If there was any thing except a blind chance in the affairs of this world, how comes it that Maurice Kettler rolls in money, while you want common necessities?”

Lena's confidence in heaven was not slackened by these and similar speeches; she prayed more fervently than ever, and replied with mildness, yet with firmness, to the coarse sarcasms levelled at her religious faith. A new trial soon called for all her fortitude. Her mother, in rummaging an old chest, found a memorandum in the hand writing of her deceased husband, stating the loan of twenty rix-dollars to Hans Kettler. The date was subsequent to the dissolution of partnership, and she knew that if it had ever been repaid, Bruggeman, who was proverbially exact in his accounts, would have carefully acknowledged the receipt in the same document. Delighted with the chance of recovering a sum which would place her in comparative ease, the old woman determined to present the paper to Maurice Kettler, and trust to his honor to liquidate the debt. This resolution was very grating to Lena; she shrank from the idea of being under an obligation to a man who had so decidedly neglected her, and could not endure the thought of making her poverty an excuse for advancing a claim which the law probably would not allow. The most abject destitution would have seemed less revolting to her than such a mode of relief; but she felt that she had no right to make her mother participate in the

endurance of evils, which might be avoided by the sacrifice of feelings, perchance too lofty for her station: and, finding a faint opposition unavailable, she gave up the point.

Mrs. Bruggemann, pleased that her errand would afford her an excuse for the gratification of her curiosity, in the survey of the interior of her rich neighbor's house, hustled away, though not without a grumbling prophecy that she should get her labor for her pains. Only that Lena would have grieved to hear that Maurice could behave ungenerously, she almost wished that he would refuse to listen to the application. Her mother was absent a tedious time, but she came home at last in high good humor. “Well, Lena,” said she, placing a well-filled purse upon the table, “after all, the young man is better disposed towards us than we imagined. What a house he has got! what tapestry hangings! You shall not see finer in all Arras. And then the gold and silver plate, and the china! you would bless your stars to reckon up the costly things that he has collected together. However, as I was saying, he received me as it were with open arms; though, what with time, and fretting, and poor living, and the alteration in my dress, he did not recollect me until I mentioned my name. ‘Tis no wonder; for instead of this mean grogram stuff, I used to wear rich taffeta silk at three crowns the ell, the finest of cambries, and a long scarlet cardinal of English wool inlaid with a lace of gold a finger's depth. But where did I leave off? Oh, Maurice was quite aghast when he heard of our distress, for somebody had told him that we lived with a rich relation at Namur, and were well to do in the world. I could not dissuade him from opening a bottle of wine solely and expressly for me; none of the common sort, but real Hungarian, such as I never tasted even in Mr. Bruggemann's time; and he inquired for you, Lena, and asked if you were married. No, no, says I, these are not the days for poor maidens to get husbands; she might, to be sure, have been the spouse of a thriving tanner, but she could not stoop so low, so she is single, and likely to be, for people in her own rank in life look higher.” “Oh, mother,” cried Lena. “Well, well, child!” returned Mrs. Bruggemann, “there was no harm done. I thought he blushed, as well he might; but he is like to prove a good friend to us, and I see no use in refusing the cash which fortune may throw in our way, out of a silly pride. We may have done with pride, I think, when we have scarcely bread to eat. I suppose not less than six families are fed with the broken meat from Kettler's table—but he was too polite, remembering what we had been, to offer me any thing like an alms, and so he asked me to accept a pig and some poultry, and stuff from his garden and stables to fat them with, which will be exceedingly helpful you know, to keep the wolf from the door. Let me see, the eggs will fetch a pretty good price, and neighbor Schlutter will give me the full value of the pig, at Christmas. But, bless me! I had like to have forgot—Maurice says he is to be married very shortly, and that he will ask Miss Hoden-berg to employ you in the embroidery of her bridal robe.”

This was the climax. Poor Lena with difficulty restrained her tears: every word that her mother had spoken was a dagger in her heart; but she carefully concealed her distress; she could not bear that her weakness should be known even to a parent, and trembled lest an accident should reveal the tender, the impressionable feelings which, in despite of the hopelessness of her attachment, she cherished for Maurice Kettler. She had loved him from her earliest childhood, and now that she had continual opportunities of observing him unseen, the apparent excellence of his disposition, his fine person and frank demeanor, increased the prepossession in his favor, and rendered him the sole object of all her earthly wishes.

The pig and the fowls were duly delivered, together with sundry other presents, and Maurice sent word that he would call the next morning and see his old playfellow, and bring Miss Hoden-berg with him, to choose the adornments of her nuptial attire. Lena arose early, and put her apartment in trim order with a heavy heart. Almost unconsciously she took more than ordinary pains with her own attire, which, always neat and simple, was very becoming to her fair face and slender form. She bound her bright tresses with knots

of blue riband, and laced her bodice with the same. At the appointed hour, the haughty Cunegonde came sweeping in, attended by her lover. Lena, though extremely agitated, could not help observing the look of admiration and surprise which Maurice cast upon her. It did not escape the quick eyes of his affianced bride, and she shewed her displeasure by an instantaneous alteration in her temper; the smiles disappeared from her scornful lips, she scanned the mean dwelling with a haughty glance, found fault with the poor girl's most exquisitely wrought embroidery, and gave her a strict charge to take more pains with the workmanship of the robe, which, after changing her mind a thousand times, she at last selected; and then, as if glad that the irksome duty of patronizing the unfortunate was at an end, flounced out of the room. Maurice lingered behind to say a kind word, but Cunegonde called to him to open the lower door, and he took a hasty leave. Thus ended the dreaded interview; and Lena, having despatched her mother to purchase the materials for the bridal garment, wept long and bitterly: even when seated at her wearisome occupation, she could scarcely repress the starting tears, or prevent the drops which would fall, in despite of all her efforts, from soiling the delicate web, and tarnishing the rich foliage of silver which she spread over its glossy surface. She devoted herself day and night to the task in her anxiety to finish it by the appointed time, and therefore knew nothing of what was passing at Maurice Kettler's house, excepting through the medium of her mother, whose whole amusement consisted in watching the premises, and calculating the expense of the various articles which were continually brought by porters to the gate.

Lena learned with grief from Mrs. Bruggemann's report, that, constantly surrounded by dissipated companions, Maurice pursued his thoughtless career, wasting his time and his money in riotous living. Cunegonde seemed to exist only in a crowd, and there was little chance that marriage would effect a reformation in his household. Suddenly the sorrowing girl's attention was aroused by the intelligence of a striking alteration which had taken place in the neighboring edifice. Deserted by its late jovial guests, half the windows closely shut up, the porch unswept, and the garden neglected, it looked quite forlorn. The servants, instead of bustling about in their flaming liveries, now seldom shewed themselves, or appeared in dishabille, and answered the sulky creditors, who supplied the place of gayer company, with a crest-fallen and dejected air. Losses by land and by sea poured in upon Maurice Kettler: he had wasted his capital in luxurious feasting, and, after a fruitless effort to retrieve his affairs, he was proclaimed a bankrupt.

"Well! to see the changes and chances of this world," said Mrs. Bruggemann, as, fatigued by walking to the farthest part of the city, she returned the identical parcel containing the bridal robe, which Lena had packed with infinite care, into her daughter's hands. "I have been all the way up to the Baron's," continued the loquacious matron, "and met with a smart rebuff from Madam Cunegonde. It is all off, it seems, between her and Maurice; and she has refused to take the manteau and kyrtle, which you have almost lost your eyesight in making worthy of a queen. Nor will she pay for the materials, or allow you the slightest compensation for your labor. I think she must have a spite towards you, Lena; for by what I could see, she need not despair of requiring a wedding robe. There was one of the Emperor's knights in the chamber; and they jeered finely together about the downfall of upstart Burghers. It is plain that she never cared a single doit for Maurice, and now he has lost his wealth, he may starve in a prison without giving her the slightest concern."

There seemed too great reason to apprehend that this would be the thoughtless merchant's fate. His property, diminished by unforeseen disasters, was insufficient to meet half his engagements; the extravagance of his conduct had left him few friends, and the whole city was filled with the clamorous outcry of malignant tongues. Lena wept for the misfortunes of her early friend, and felt an anxious wish to console him in his afflictions; but he kept aloof from the widow's apartments, ashamed perhaps to visit in adversity those whom he had neglected in more felicitous circum-

stances; for Cunegonde's jealousy would not permit him to renew his intimacy with his lovely playmate. The mansion, late one blaze of light, now frowned darkly upon the surrounding scene when evening drew its shadows over the sky. One solitary taper shed a faint ray from the chamber of Maurice Kettler, and shewed the anxious haggard countenance which bent over a heap of papers; the servants were all discharged; and the house, dismantled, only afforded a shelter from the weather to a man accustomed to recline upon silken carpets, and to be canopied by the manufacture of the most celebrated looms of the Netherlands. He still, however, remained upon sufferance in the mansion which had been the scene of his revels, thereto being some difficulty in procuring a purchaser. In the interim things were not going on very prosperously with Lena. Mrs. Bruggemann had suffered herself to be persuaded to lend out the rix dollars which Maurice had paid her, upon interest, to a smooth-spoken neighbor, who cheated his creditors and made off with the money; the fowls and the pig were now to be fed at their own expense; and, disappointed of obtaining a customer for the bridal robe, Lena received no compensation, for the cost of the splendid materials, or for the loss of her time in the workmanship. While sitting one morning in a pensive mood at her needle, she was surprised by the visit of an elderly stranger, a wayfaring looking man, apparently just returned from the East, who introduced himself as Caspar Kettler, the uncle of Maurice, and a person whom she recollects having heard her father say had applied to him, when refused by his sordid kinsman, for money to make a voyage to India. The old man had returned laden with wealth; and, hearing an exaggerated account of his nephew's misdoings, he repaired to the mean dwelling of the Bruggemanns, where, doubly enraged to find the widow and the daughter of his benefactor in so friendless and destitute a situation, he vowed that he would make Lena his heir, and leave the ungrateful spendthrift to the consequences of his own extravagant folly. Mrs. Bruggemann was fortunately from home, and could not interfere to check the work of mercy. Maurice found an eloquent advocate in the gentle Lena: she palliated the fault, which she could not deny; justified him from every false accusation; excused his neglect of herself, by pleading his ignorance of her forlorn condition, until the state of his own affairs demanded his whole attention; and finally so wrought upon the feelings of her admiring guest, that he promised to forget all past grievances, and to assist his nephew to emerge from his present difficulties. The old man was somewhat of a humorist: he returned to the inn where he had taken up his abode without making his arrival and intentions known to Maurice, telling Lena that she should be the channel of this agreeable intelligence to the man who would owe all his unmerited good fortune to her generous exertions.

Maurice Kettler, she knew, was not within; and never did the gentle girl watch more anxiously for his appearance; he came at last, but his step was hurried, and every feature convulsed with agony. Almost afraid to approach him in this dismal mood, she stole softly into the garden, whither she had never ventured before, and saw him pour the contents of a paper which he drew from his breast into a goblet, and then rush towards a fountain which threw its limpid waters in bright columns into a basin below. Apprehensive that he meditated self-destruction, she ran swiftly along the turf, and catching his arm just as he had raised the deadly draught to his lips, dashed the poisoned chalice on the ground: then, like a guardian angel, bent over him, pointed out the fearful nature of the crime he meditated, and having tranquillized his mind with religious consolation, told the joyful news of his amended prospects. Kneeling together on the grass, the maiden and the repentant prodigal returned their fervent thanks to heaven for the mercies they had received.

The rumor of old Kettler's riches, and his kind intentions towards his nephew, turned the tide in favor of Maurice: the most inexorable creditor now offered to give him time for the settlement of his affairs, and he was soon able to hold up his head amongst his fellow merchants.

Lena, endowed with a rich portion, bestowed her hand

upon her early love, and appeared at church all radiant in the bridal robe, which had cost her so many tears.

LADY MARGARET LEVISTON.

The castle in which dwelt the father of Lady Margaret Leviston stood on the brow of a dark hill, and looked proudly down on the glen in which the parents of William Graham resided; and though that cottage was an humble spot, it was sweet in its simple beauty. William Graham had a countenance that was pleasant to look upon, it was so serene and gentle in its serious and almost melancholy expression, and his young brow had a caste of thought beyond his years. On many a summer morning did he and Margaret Leviston meet together in their childish pastimes, and seek no other amusement than to wander along the banks of the Carron, or in the green fields, or in the birken glens. It may have been partly owing to the mountain scenery around them that the boy and girl imbibed a taste for pleasures which seldom contribute to the happiness of childhood. Of this I know not; but often did they seat themselves on some green hill, and spend the whole summer day in watching the rainbows formed by the spray of the mountain linn, as the waters danced and sparkled in the sun beams, or in listening to the cushion dove pouring forth her melancholy wailings. They afforded a singular and striking contrast to those happy children, as they wandered along the dim and shadowy footpaths of Glencarron. It was indeed a most pleasing sight to look upon the boy's dark and fearless countenance, and his muscular and somewhat ungraceful limbs, and then to mark the tenderness with which he guided the steps of that gentle and blooming girl. But year after year wore on, and the heart of the boy began to throb with wild and troubled thoughts when he looked on the fair face of Margaret Leviston; and the bearing of that innocent maiden was losing its wild frankness, and was unconsciously assuming somewhat of womanly reserve. Summer, however, came, and with summer William Graham was to become a sailor; and often in those balmy evenings did Margaret Leviston wander along the sea-shore, and weep, when her young heart scarcely knew the cause of its own sadness; but when William Graham, on the eve of his departure, exclaimed, "I love thee, Margaret Leviston, even from our childhood I have loved thee; and many a time, from the door of my father's cottage, I have stood and watched the lights as they gleamed along the casements of Glencarron, that I might but once more behold thy shadow ere I slept. When I tell you this, Margaret, will you let me leave you without once saying you are grieved for the misery you have made?" It was then that Margaret Leviston threw herself on the bosom of the impassioned boy, and vowed, in the sight of heaven, that she would become his wife; and when William looked upon her pale sweet face, and felt the pressure of her slender arm, he swore to his own soul that he would protect and cherish the loving creature as long as his days were spared to him upon the earth. And when he returned from a stormy and unprosperous voyage, Lady Margaret Leviston, became his wife: from that hour Lord Glencarron never looked upon his disobedient child.

It was one evening in the summer twilight that I first met with lady Margaret. So soft and shadowy were the lingering remains of light, that I could but just trace the fine outline of her figure, without being able to distinguish one feature in her countenance; but when she spoke—when I but once listened to that voice of music, I knew that she must be beautiful;—and she was indeed beautiful—most beautiful! Can I ever forget those cloudless eyes, so sweet in their calm serenity—that long golden hair, and that full rich voice issuing from those cherub lips! Never but once have I seen a face of such innocence and childlike beauty. And yet there was an air of majesty in the bearing of Margaret Leviston, and a something of matron-like dignity.—But every look was that of purity; and many a time, when I have heard her sing, I could almost have fancied she was not a creature of this world. Her four fair children, too, had all the soft and feminine loveliness of their mother—the

same calm and majestic brow—the blue eyes—the yellow hair. And her husband—how he idolized her! Yet, when I have seen her hanging on his arm, in all her womanly and confiding love, I have thought that he scarcely deserved his noble and high-born wife. But he was the choice of her young heart, and she worshipped him with all the tenderness of woman. We met in summer, and we parted while the woods were yet clothed in their most luxuriant foliage. It was a sweet picture as I stood that evening at the cottage door, and saw the fair mother seated under the shade of the embowering rose-trees, with her four sweet babies climbing on her lap, and striving for the parting kiss: and then they knelt down, and raised their little hands in prayer. I saw that Lady Margaret's eyes were full: neither were my own quite tearless. At a little distance stood the happy father, and his dark eyes were turned upon his wife with such looks of tenderness and love, that I no longer wondered that he had been the choice even of the high-born Margaret Leviston.

Such was the sweet picture on which my eyes rested when I left the cottage of Dellnyliate in the spring of 17—. I was at that time on the eve of visiting Germany, where I remained for little more than a year. On returning to my native country, the first place to which I went was the dwelling of my friends. Alas! what a change I found! In that brief period how many sad events had taken place!—Lady Margaret had left the sweet cottage in the glen, and with a rich paramour had fled to France—her four fair babies lay in the church-yard of Dellnyliate—and her husband, that kind and loving husband, when he had seen his children laid in their young beauty in the grave, fled, in loneliness and misery, from his native land. None ever knew his fate; but he never was again seen by any inhabitant of the glen.

It matters not how, some little time after I had heard this melancholy tale I met with Margaret Leviston. I found her a penitent and dying woman; and miserable, very miserable is the death-bed of the guilty. When I have seen that misguided one raising to heaven her still sweet eyes, with looks of fervent yet almost hopeless entreaty—when I have seen the Bible blistered with her tears, and have heard her voice of melancholy music uttering those earnest, yet scarcely trusting prayers—for fully sensible was she of the weight of her own iniquity—how have I then implored that my death may be that of the righteous! Without pain, and very, very gradual was her decay; but I resolved to remain with her while yet she lived, and to do my utmost to soothe her in her departing hour. It was towards the middle of spring that a visible and rapid change took place in her.—All her little strength was gone; and it was painful to look on the feverish beauty of her face, and to witness her oppressed and labored breathing. I had left her one evening in even an unusual state of hopelessness and languor; and early on the following morning I went to visit her. Bright and balmy was every thing around me at that sweet hour, and the birds were singing their gayest songs among the young green leaves; and I often paused to adore that gracious One who had given to his creatures so fair a world.

What a contrast to all this breathing beauty awaited me in Lady Margaret's dwelling! As I opened the door of her chamber she was singing—but what a song—what wild unearthly melody! She was sitting up in bed, and, by the ceaseless movement of her thin white fingers, she seemed to fancy she was weaving flowers. The comb had fallen from her long hair, which was scattered over the pillows like a golden veil; and very terribly did her blue eyes flash on me in the fearful brightness of insanity. For one moment she looked on me, and then, with a shriek, which yet rings in my ears, so wild, so little earthly was that sound of agony, she screamed—"it is him, it is my husband!" and, springing from the couch, she lay at my feet in the terrifying writhings of convulsion. Very sad it was to see those fair arms twined around my knees, and that sweet face changed into a sight of horror; and I hastily unclasped her hands, and raised her from the ground; but the form that lay upon my bosom was stiff and cold, and when I looked upon her face the damps of death were on her brow. And I saw her

laid under the green sod, and mine were the only tears that fell upon her grave.

EUSTACHE ST. VALIERE.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

The young Countess Otilie de Wardenberg, on entering a small town on the confines of Prussia, which formed a part of her princely inheritance, was struck with astonishment at the air of unusual solemnity which it presented; the shops were all shut; the streets were thronged but silent; and, although it was neither market nor holiday, troops or peasants were seen flocking in from all directions. The fair traveller looked out from her barouche in wonder at the strange appearance of a place generally so orderly and so cheerful. Dismal preparations met her eye; the bell of a neighboring church began to toll heavily, as for the knell of a departed soul; and the postillions, who had dashed along the streets in good style, were compelled to draw up their horses on one side to make way for a criminal to pass to execution. Surrounded by a troop of soldiers, bare headed, a rope encircling his neck, and attired in coarse garments, the culprit walked erect in the midst of his guards. Majestic and elegantly formed, his port was dignified and graceful; he was young, too, and bore features of surpassing beauty; and though suppressing even the slight quiver which convulsed his lip as the tall dark gallows met his eye, the deadly paleness of his countenance evinced his internal agony at the ignominious death that awaited him.

Otilie, though anxious to avoid the sight of human suffering, was compelled to be a reluctant witness of the sad procession. Pity melted her breast as she gazed upon the unfortunate being about to be cut off by the hand of violence. His fine countenance and gallant demeanor strongly interested her feelings. She fastened her eyes upon him, and, suddenly overcome by the thoughts of his near approaching doom, she turned sick and fainted. Colonel Schreiber, the commandant of the garrison, was instantly at her side. The officers were dispatched for water, and the whole course of the proceedings was suspended until the beautiful Countess recovered her senses. Glancing wildly around, she exclaimed in an agitated voice, "is it over—is he dead?" "You have seen the prisoner before, and are interested in his fate?" demanded Schreiber inquisitively. "Oh! no! never," cried Otilie; it is sufficient that he is a fellow creature and in distress." "How amiable, exclaimed the Colonel, fixing his dark eyes on the fair creature whom he held in his arms, and who would have disengaged herself from his grasp, but the same sickening sensations came over her, and she remained powerless.

"For what heinous crime," inquired the Countess, after a moment's pause, "must my native town be subjected to this unwonted spectacle?" "The Frenchman," cried Schreiber, "is more unfortunate than guilty; he has been arrested as a spy, but has denied the charge, and I have some reason to believe that he spoke the truth; but my predecessor left him here for execution, and I only obey orders." "Then," said Otilie, "you have the enviable power of saving his life." "Not so," replied the Colonel, "but of delaying the sentence, perhaps." "And," cried the enthusiastic pleader eagerly, "you will do this?"

"You know my uncle, the prince of ——, is powerful in the council; I will make him acquainted with all the particulars of this unhappy young man's situation, and we shall be the blessed instruments of snatching a human being from a dreadful fate." "I shall risk the displeasure of my superior," said Schreiber; "but I can scarcely refuse so lovely a suppliant, if she will promise that my compliance shall entitle me to receive a boon in return." Otilie shrank from the glance that accompanied these words, and replied coldly, "there needs little stimulus to a brave man for the performance of an act of humanity; the prisoner may be left with safety to your mercy." "Pardon me, fair lady," returned the Colonel; "his life is in your hands; he has made a powerful enemy in General Kleist: we want an example; and,

innocent or guilty, he must die, unless some very strong intercession shall be made for him. I care not to waste the small influence which I possess upon a stranger. Women are said to be more tender-hearted; but it does not appear that you are inclined to abate an iota of your sex's privileges for his sake."

The Countess, inexpressibly disgusted, turned away her eyes and encountered those of the criminal, who stood so resolute, yet so forlorn, at the foot of the scaffold, and again every faculty of her soul was absorbed in pity. He seemed to be aware that to her he was indebted for the, perchance temporary, delay which had interposed between him and impending death: and he looked as though all his hopes and expectations were centered in her alone. Could she hesitate a moment? Could she abandon the cause of a fellow-creature, who without her assistance must inevitably perish? She had been made unexpectedly the arbitress of his fate; and, however painful and revolting the alternative, she could not consign him to the grave. "Save the life of that unfortunate man," she cried, addressing Schreiber, "and demand my everlasting gratitude."

The Colonel sprang from the carriage, re-mounted his horse, and, having given the necessary orders, the melancholy cavalcade returned to the prison; the barouche moved forward, and in a few minutes Otilie found herself alone upon her knees in her chamber.

The fair Prussian trembled at the amazing revolution which had taken place in her prospects and in her feelings, in the brief period which had elapsed since her entrance into ——. Distinguished for her patriotism, and her hatred of the insults offered by Napoleon to her suffering country, every impulse of her young and ardent mind had been devoted to the emancipation of Europe from the yoke of France. High-born, beautiful, and possessed of immense estates, she had been the star of the imperial court of Austria, the worshipped idol of princes and nobles; yet, for the sake of an obscure individual, a foreigner belonging to a hated nation, she had sold herself to a man of low family, a coarse brutal soldier, who owed to his military rank the only title to her acquaintance, and, who, in daring to seek her favor, became the object of her unqualified disgust. It was true that she might still retract her plighted word; but it could only be by sacrificing the life of the man whom she had so lately snatched from destruction. The pale face and imploring eyes of the prisoner were for ever present to her mind; and, despite of the horror which she entertained of Colonel Schreiber's addresses, she felt a strong sweet feeling of delight, at the idea of rescuing the interesting stranger from an unmerited death. She purchased his safety at a high price, for the Colonel obliged her to sign a promise of marriage before he permitted the memorial of Eustace St. Valerie to be dispatched to head-quarters.

Filial affection had led the young Frenchman to the couch of his dying mother, at a period in which it was dangerous for one of his nation to appear in Prussia. He was a soldier, too, and wore the cross of the legion of honor;—but his life would scarcely have been placed in jeopardy had he not incurred the hatred of General Kleist, who, remembering that at Paris a dishonorable transaction at a card-table had been detected, exposed, and checked by Eustace St. Valerie, indulged a malignant revenge in proceeding against him with the utmost rigor of military law. Fortunately, General Kleist was called away at a moment's notice, and was disappointed in his expectation of returning to his command to witness the execution. The duty was delegated to Schreiber, who felt at liberty to exercise his own discretion—and perceiving how deeply the Countess de Werdenburg had interested herself in behalf of the prisoner, he resolved to make her compassion subservient to his own ambitious views.

Otilie in the evening lighted up her palace; and, anxious to avoid a private interview with her new lover, she invited the garrison to a splendid collation. Surrounded by a crowd, all anxious to pay their homage to the high-born beauty, her heart was the whole evening in the gloomy dungeon where the respite criminal pined in dreary suspense. A plea of indisposition secured the Countess from Schreib-

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er's visits during the few days which elapsed before she received an answer from her uncle. The Prince of ——, concluding that the Frenchman's cause must be a just one, since the fair heroine of Prussia had engaged in it, exerted himself with so much zeal that, in a very short time, he despatched the pardon and safe conduct which she had requested. Ottolie, in the first moment of rapture at the success of her benevolent efforts, forgot the horrid condition annexed to her triumph; and, unaware of the danger which might attend a second meeting, with one who had already gained a stronger power over her affections than any of the multitude of titled suitors who had professed themselves her slaves, did not refuse the audience which St. Valerie ardently solicited. Penetrated with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude, the first use which the liberated prisoner made of his freedom was to fly to his fair preserver. He found her alone, seated in a saloon which opened to a garden sloping down to the banks of a crystal stream. The fresh air and lovely scenery of this delightful retreat formed a soothing contrast to the dark and noisome dungeon which he had just quitted. His almost miraculous escape from death, his restoration to life and sunshine, and the deep obligation which he owed to the beautiful creature who, like an angel of mercy, had arrested the hand of death, rushed to his heart in a full tide of feeling; and, overcome by his emotions, he stood mute and rooted to the ground. In another moment, however, a burst of gratitude followed this expressive silence, and he was at Ottolie's feet, pouring out the fervent thanks of a generous spirit. The Countess, who beheld him as one arisen from the grave, was little less affected. The circumstances under which they met were too singular and touching to admit of ceremony; and, giving way to the impulse of their hearts, although no declaration of his passion passed the lips of Eustace, nor did Ottolie confess the tender feelings which possessed her soul, both knew that they loved and were beloved again.

A few, a very few words were spoken; for, aware of the utter hopelessness of their attachment, of their immediate separation, perchance never to meet again—or if to meet, to be more cruelly estranged either by distance or by absence—they remained silent, yet with a sweet consciousness of present happiness. Eustace still held the hand of Ottolie; and, stepping out upon the broad terrace, they wandered through the flowery labyrinth of the garden, inhaling the perfume of the flowers, breathing the soft and balmy air, and gazing upon the bright current of the smiling river. These were moments of bliss, but fleeting as they were exquisite—the voice of Schreiber destroyed the charm. Restrained by his presence, St. Valerie took a formal leave; the garden gate was closed upon him; and the Countess was left alone, to wonder and marvel at the new sensations, which usurped supreme dominion in a breast once entirely absorbed in lofty aspirations. No longer were her proud thoughts engrossed by the fate of Europe; the period of high excitement in a patriot cause was over, and the destiny of one obscure individual became almost wholly the object of interest. Not that Ottolie was indifferent to the welfare of her country and of the Christian world; but every idea connected with the fall of France brought with it her hated engagement, the thrall of her promise to Schreiber, which must be fulfilled at the expiration of the war; and she turned from the hideous recollection, to dwell with fondness on a sweeter theme.

Anxious to avoid the perpetual intrusions of the Colonel, she stole away from Prussia to a rustic habitation in the romantic region of Der Sacchishen Schweitz, where she indulged in the loneliness which suited the state of her feelings. Had not her generous interference in behalf of Eustace St. Valerie entailed upon her the grievous necessity of plighting her faith with a being from whom every sentiment of her heart revolted, the recollection of the young Frenchman would only have produced that quiet feeling of pleasure, which a noble mind must experience when it contemplates the performance of an act of disinterested kindness. But the brilliant hopes and expectations cherished by the Countess de Wardenburg were destroyed by the promise which Colonel Schreiber had extorted from her; and, no longer beholding the prospect of happiness which had smiled upon her

early youth, her melancholy was soothed by tender remembrances of the amiable being for whose sake she had sacrificed all that gave sunshine to her existence.

Saxony became the theatre of war, and Ottolie, though secure in the isolated spot she had chosen for her residence, repaired to a mansion she possessed at Schandau, a small town through which the hostile armies were continually passing, and where she hoped to hear tidings of Eustace.—The French were now in full retreat, followed by the Russians and Prussians; but the joy of the Countess at the disastrous flight of the invaders was damped by the perils which surrounded St. Valerie, and her painful incertitude of his fate.

At Schandau the army of Napoleon made a desperate stand; and though frequently driven out, it rallied and occupied the disputed town again. The house of Ottolie became, alternately, the head quarters of contending armies; but she obtained a secure asylum in a sequestered hermitage in the garden, which had been fancifully fitted up for the residence of a recluse. There with trembling expectation, she awaited the result of each day's warfare. One morning the din of battle waged with more than wonted uproar. The fierce struggle, the clash of arms, the shout of victory, the short pause, and the renewed attacks, evinced the deadly nature of the strife. At one moment the French eagles were planted exultingly in the centre of the town; and then amid the groans of the wounded, arose the gay carol, the martial and the provincial ballads sung by the light-hearted victors as they quaffed full bumpers of generous wine: in the next hour their proud standards were displaced by the floating banners of the allies, whose triumphs were celebrated by the solemn hymn, broken by the wild cry of the Tartar hordes as they drank and caroused; and again, by another overwhelming effort, the imperial birds spread their golden wings ostentatiously to the sun.

While the contest was at the hottest, and Ottolie, scarcely screened from the danger, watched the event in breathless expectation, she saw a French officer rush through a breach in the garden wall, and bearing a Prussian in his arms, hasten to a small fountain which welled out upon the grass. She too sought the spot, anxious to tender her assistance, and beheld Eustace St. Valerie bending over the animate body of Schreiber. Committing the man thus generously rescued from the weapons of the conquerors to her care, he again plunged into the centre of the battle. Schreiber had received only a slight wound, and recovering from the stunning effects of a blow which had stretched him powerless before his enraged foes, he also returned to the action, leaving Ottolie charmed with this proof of St. Valerie's noble remembrance of the ungracious boon which he had received from the Prussian's hands. The certainty that Eustace was engaged in the struggle gave to the Countess a new, intense and breathless interest in the surrounding scene.

She had thought that her anxiety scarcely admitted of an increase; but now the strong and rapid pulsation of her heart told her how fearfully she could be excited when danger threatened the man who had been so long the object of her tenderest solicitude. The tumult without raged with undiminished fury; if for a moment the shrill burst of the trumpet, the thunder of the fire-arms, and the clang of hostile weapons subsided, the deafening sounds arose again with redoubled violence; heaps of slain accumulated in the streets; and the survivors fought over the lifeless bodies of their comrades. Ottolie had now a mournful task in binding up the wounds, and bathing the temples of those who staggered to the fountain, and stretched their expiring limbs on the turf beside it. Covered with dust and blood, Schreiber returned to refresh his parched lips with the pure water of the spring.

"Where," exclaimed the Countess, regardless of her treasured secret in this moment of dismal apprehension, "where is St. Valerie?"

"Among the dead," replied Schreiber, his blood-shot eyes glaring with fierce and horrid joy. Ottolie left to her handmaids the care of the wounded, and darting into the street, searched for the corse of him to whom she had so strangely and so absolutely devoted herself. Though every

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sense was rendered acute by the agonizing desire to perform the last sad offices for one fated to sink into an early grave, it was with difficulty that she recognised the beautiful features of St. Valerie in the convulsed countenance that met her gaze. The head alone was visible, for the body was covered with a confused heap of slaughtered friends and enemies. The French were now completely routed, and compelled to fall back; and Ottolie, obtaining assistance, removed the melancholy pile, and, kneeling down by the side of Eustace, uttered a cry of joy, as, placing her hand upon his heart, a slight pulsation answered the touch. Instantly and carefully she had him conveyed to the hermitage. In moving onwards, the groans of a dying wretch arrested her footsteps. She looked down—Schreiber lay bleeding on the ground. "Forgive me," he cried, "for by my sword St. Valerie fell." The Countess started, and was hastening away; but compassion prevailed; she stooped over the sufferer, raised his head, and wiped the damp from his brow. Her charitable aid was vain; the change of position was instantly fatal; and he expired in her arms. Skill and assiduity restored Eustace St. Valerie to animation. The moment that he could bear the motion, Ottolie had him conveyed to the wilds of Saxon Switzerland, where by her unceasing attention he slowly recovered from his wound. When the young soldier became convalescent, peace was established throughout the Christian world, and the Countess de Werdenburg bestowed her hand upon Eustace St. Valerie, in the happy conviction that she did not espouse the enemy of her country.

THE VENETIAN COSTUME.—The women are dressed in short gowns of striped woollen stuff, of various colors, chiefly red, yellow, and blue, with very high waists and tight sleeves. The gown ceases some inches above the ankle and permits the exhibition of a pair of white, ornamented linen stockings, knitted by the fair wearer's own hands, from flaxen yarn, of her own spinning. A bright colored cotton handkerchief, manufactured at the neighboring town of Chollet, in the department of Maine-et-Loire, is spread over her shoulders, and its ends secured in front within the bosom of her gown, in such fashion as to leave no portion of the neck or bosom uncovered. The sabot is, in this part of the country, an article of the "paysanne's" costume, on which no small care is bestowed. They are small and slight, cut very low in the front, so as to show a great part of the foot, and shaped with as much care as a fashionable London artist could employ on the form of a pair of boots. They are, moreover, always painted black, in order the better to set off the white stocking. A good deal of the lace is often displayed about their caps; and the "barbes" of the coiffure, as they are termed, which are long strips of cotton, linen, or sometimes muslin, about six inches broad, falling on each side of the face upon the shoulders, are frequently trimmed all round with it. The girls rarely hide their hair entirely here as they do in Britanny. It is, for the most part, beautifully black, and a specimen of it is generally seen in a broad band on each side of the forehead. This costume is very generally completed by a short, black woollen cloak made to keep open in front, and show the neat striped cotton apron beneath it.—*Paul Jean.*

SMALL NUMBER OF CHRISTIANS IN THE WORLD.—Meantime, it is a melancholy fact, that, owing to the adverse circumstances, on which we have not too severely animadverted, Christianity has not spread and prevailed so far as it might and ought to have done, considering its admirable adaptation to the character and circumstances of the whole human race. Of the eight hundred and odd millions of human beings now inhabiting the globe, only two hundred and about forty millions are professors of Christianity. Two millions and a half are Jews—one hundred and fifteen millions Mohammedans—the disciples of Zoroaster and Confucius are ten millions—while nearly five hundred millions are composed of Polytheists, such as Laimites, Brahminists, Buddhists, and Fetish worshippers! Of these, the one hundred and fifteen millions of Mohammedans are lost from the

ranks of Christianity—that is, might have been now numbered among Christians, but for the faults of Christians. There is no charm in the mere name of Christianity, if the spirit be lost; the divine influence will seek another by which to manifest itself, as it did on the historical occasion to which allusion is now made. Here imposture will not account for the origin and spread of the religion of the Prophet. Mahomet was the Wesley of his time and country—he was an instrument in the hands of Providence to root out error and establish truth.—*Heraud's Magazine.*

BURYING ALIVE.—The *Echo de la Nievre* gives the following account of a circumstance which occurred a few days ago at Fermete, near Nevers:—"A mason, while at work was seized with a sudden faintness, which forced him to leave off. He went home, applied leeches to his stomach, became worse, and experienced a sort of suffocation, which terminated apparently in death. After the lapse of 36 hours, being considered dead, he was placed in the coffin, in opposition to the wish of his nurse, who remarked that the limbs retained an elasticity never seen in a dead person. The funeral took place next day, but the grave digger had scarcely thrown a few shovelfuls of earth on the coffin, when he heard a dull sound from within. The coffin was immediately taken out of the grave, and it was found that the mason still breathed. He had been able to tear open the winding-sheet, and to force up with his knee one of the planks of the coffin. A Sister of Charity was immediately sent for from a neighboring hospice, but, unfortunately, she was absent, and an hour elapsed before she arrived. During this interval, no aid was given to the unfortunate man, who remained stretched in the coffin in the middle of the cemetery. When at last the sister examined him, she found that all was useless, and that he was really dead. After a long discussion among the bystanders, it was decided that, as all hope of recovery was past, and as the religious ceremony had been duly performed, it would be better to nail up the coffin, and bury it, which was done without any other inquiry."

JUSTICE.—We do not know who wrote the following, but will make affidavit that it was no married man:

Talkativeness is generally attributed to the fair sex, and held as their "peculiar and besetting sin:" the truth of this is to be questioned. Let any impartial observer mark the tongues that play in every-day life, and those of the lordly sex will be found any thing but silent members. It may be allowed that when "two or three gentle creatures are gathered together," in regular gossiping there is a "pretty considerable rattle kept up, the principal clappers which are frivolity and scandal. Half an hour will serve to destroy at least half a dozen reputations, and discuss as many operas—opinions without any "just cause," and speech without "any impediment" runs fast and furious. Women certainly can make an awful noise—but, shade of Hippocrates, just listen to a select few of the "wise masculines," rendered great in their eloquence by the mingled glories of a "dinner party," and say no more that ladies are the great appropriators of chatter. The roar of voices falls like a verbal Niagara; each Cicero pours forth his flood of oratory, consisting of the densely profound or the extremely imaginative; each adds his bubble to the ocean of unintelligible vociferation, and proves that men can talk as much nonsense and make more guttural riot than any set of feminines in Christendom.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S GRAVE.—A gentleman on a visit to the residence of the late John Randolph, writes to the National Intelligencer as follows:

"The body of this extraordinary man reposes beneath the tall branches of a veteran pine, about forty paces from his summer dwelling. No marble marks the place of his repose. He was buried, according to his own request, with his head to the east and his feet to the west, with a white unpolished stone at his head, and a black one at his feet. He sleeps where he lived, in the peaceful bosom of his own native forest."

From the London New Monthly for July.

TALLEYRANDISM OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, ESQ.

"Tout ce qui paraît hazardeux et qui pourtant ne l'est pas, est presque toujours sage."—CARDINAL DE RETZ.

Some persons are apt to suppose that the social machiavellism that distinguished the era preceding the French revolution, has been altogether banished from the higher circles of Europe; and that all the subtle and finessing diplomacy which, even in the saloon, was indefatigably busy during that stirring day, in its vocation of reading hearts and contriving plots, of concerting ambitious intrigues, and acquiring or fast-holding the emoluments and dignities of courts, has been of late replaced by the old straightforward system of downright plain "directness." They who entertain this impression, are endowed with admirable simplicity. Not many years since, the occurrences which I am going to relate took place in London; and they will serve to show that these Alcibiades arts are yet cultivated in the ambitious atmosphere of courts.

A ministerial crisis had arrived. The government was fiercely pressed by the opposition, and the votes in the lower house stood so nearly balanced that the voice of even one member had become a matter of very anxious importance.—In this state of things, the victory was likely to favor the more active party of the two; emissaries were abroad in every quarter; all the expedients of ingenuity, and all the refined blandishments of the most vigilant address, were by both sides equally resorted to. In one word, *there was a game of diplomacy.*

In the very midst of it there suddenly appeared a young man, whose wonderful skill (visible chiefly in its effects) excited the observation and fixed the attention of all the higher political personages of the day. He had precisely the characteristics of the old school of diplomacy—the portraiture of whose disciples are to be seen in many of our most accepted romances.

As he was a ministerialist, proselytes of government everywhere started up before the witchery of his presence. Yet no one could divine the process by which these important conversions were achieved.

In his manners there was an inexpressible charm which always procured him a distinguished reception *apres des dames*. Indeed, nothing could exceed—scarce even can memory now recall the self-possession of his deportment.—His velvet footfall, his cold bright eye,—so watchful, yet so calm,—his smooth unruffled forehead, which no expression of joy or of alarm, of astonishment, of contempt, or of disappointment, ever visited with its tell-tale presence; these were the well-known individualities of his demeanor.

To do his memory justice, however, he had not the darker qualities of his class: he seemed to take infinite delight in the scenes in which he was engaged, and to exult in the exercise of his wonderful intelligence, like the conquerors of old, who often derived more gratification from the exhibition of their military skill, than from the acquisitions of territory which accrued to them by means of its exertion. He had, in fact, all the talents, without a particle of the malignity, which generally belong to the state intriguer. So that it was evident he pursued his profession as an amateur, delighting to feel his power; and though often exerting it without regard to the strict casuistry of right, yet never wielding it to crush a personal enemy, or to wreak a personal revenge.

The ideal associations connected with a career like his, in his earliest youth, fascinated his imagination. The tapestry closet, the rich and retinued hall, the crowded levee, and the gay excitement of the ball-room, were scenes among which he loved to move, and where he was eminently fitted to figure. The midnight conference, the critical charge, the delicate and difficult interview in which only the most consummate tact could avail him; these, and such as these, had for him all the charms of romance.

On the other hand, however, it must be admitted that his practice was not always so poetical as his theory; and that he did occasionally perform some mischievous achievements. Divisions and broils among the best of friends, were as frequently observed to make a mysterious appearance where he had for a while flitted, as reconciliations between the most deadly enemies were known to be the certain results of his mediation—not that he carried tales; he was never so insane, and it was a frequent phrase with him, "that there was no ingenuity in a lie." All then that can be said is, that he contrived matter according to methods of his own, which it would perhaps be vague and visionary to divine.—Indeed, during one season, when he was particularly capricious, so many unaccountable dissensions, and such a high warfare of scandal took place, that one lady, whose name we need not mention, but whom we believe to have been more observant than the rest of the world, was heard to say, "If we were living a few centuries back, I should assuredly believe that that young *elegant* had the evil eye; he but looks on you, and straightway your affairs go wrong. But as evil eyes are grown *out* of fashion, and as he is decidedly *in* fashion, I must merely conclude, that he has a fund of the most mischievous ingenuity."

Our hero (if so we may call the personage who principally figures in the narrative we are about to relate) overheard this remark; for, by a coincidence, he chanced at the moment to be standing near. He bowed quietly; and then with that slow and distinct utterance for which he was remarkable, smilingly said,

"Ah! you and I ought to be the dearest friends; there is quite a congeniality of sentiment between us. I am uncharitably ingenuous; you uncharitably witty. A talent is sometimes a very great temptation."

Such then was his reputation, and such the sentence awarded to him by the voice of fashion.

It was about two years afterwards that the ministerial crisis, to which we have already once alluded, came darkening over the political world. Our hero was then private secretary to the prime-minister. For the sake of distinctness, we shall in future call the secretary D'Amars. This was not his real name, but it will serve the purpose of our narrative.

One evening, then, at this epoch, D'Amars was summoned to the minister's closet. After the usual preliminaries of etiquette, which are never in such cases very tedious, the premier plunged *in medias res*, but still with characteristic deliberation.

"Matters, D'Amars," said he, "are in a way, and so far succeeding; but there are two or three little delicate points still to be achieved."

The secretary bowed forward.

"D'Amars," continued the premier, "you have proved to me repeatedly, in a manner of which I cannot but be sensible, that you possess extraordinary talents. I am very well pleased with your conduct, and I hope that you are equally well pleased with your post."

As he was here clearly expected to answer, D'Amars muttered something about "highly flattered, unabated zeal," after which the premier resumed.

"But this very post of yours may be occupied by another in a few days, D'Amars. Can you guess the reason?"

"Perhaps," replied the secretary, with his usual cool tone, "perhaps, my lord, it is because your lordship's post also may be occupied by another in a few days. Have I by chance guessed the reason?"

"Hem, D'Amars, you have," answered the minister; but this double misfortune you are destined to avert. You must here bring your talents into play."

D'Amars stirred the fire, and then leaned comfortably back in his chair, but did not utter a word. As the minister continued to scrutinize him, the secretary arose and snuffed the two candles, one after another, after which, with the utmost *sang froid*, he reseated himself, preserving all the while the most tantalising silence.

"The fact is," resumed his lordship at last, "there is, you are aware, Mr. Warnerston in the lower house, who

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has three or four votes at his command. He must be gained."

"True, my lord: so he must."

"But it is not so easy an affair as you suppose," continued his lordship. "He is well enough disposed himself, but an unusual difficulty lies in the way; indeed, it's quite a peculiar case, and just suited to you. There is an enthusiastic friendship between his daughter and the daughter of the leader of the opposition, Sir George Crake. Now the girls know the state of parties, and are well versed, it seems, in politics; and Miss Warnerston has been played upon by her friend Miss Crake, not to allow *her* father to destroy the harmony of the families, by voting against *her* father.—And what between the doubting *politician* and the doting *papa*, this Warnerston throws the little predilection he had for us to the winds, and means to join the opposition. You see the whole affair is a pitiful intrigue, D'Amars." The women are perpetually in the way. Now, what I want you to do is, to bring the two young ladies to feud. Warnerston of course would then be certain."

"But how much time will your lordship give me to effect this purpose?" demanded the youthful confidant.

"Until the day after to-morrow," said the minister. "The two young ladies will be at the Duchess of Hanvers' ball to-morrow night, and you should choose that opportunity for effecting the 'point.'"

As the secretary here thoughtfully arose, and walked towards a table behind, as if to look for something, the premier imagined it was in reference to the communication he had just been making, that D'Amars occupied himself. He therefore waited patiently to hear him speak, expecting that there might, perhaps, be some objection in the other's mind, or some cautious suggestion. Finding, however, that he still continued to look about, his lordship said—

"Well, D'Amars what do you think of the task which I have charged you with?"

"Eh, my lord?" said D'Amars, turning round with a start. "Oh! I beg ten thousand pardons; but I could not imagine that your lordship was still thinking of the matter. It is arranged."

As the minister was that night leaving his closet in a state of the highest satisfaction with his secretary, whom he had bid good night to some hours before, he met one of his own colleagues in office just outside the door.

"Ah! my lord," said he, rubbing his hands with an air of glee, "Warnerston is certain; D'Amars has undertaken the matter."

"But Miss Crake?" returned the brother minister; "but the two daughters—what of them?"

"That is precisely the point," said the premier. "My secretary will spoil their harmony for ever and a day. He has agreed, in a word, to make them quarrel."

"Absurd!" sneered the other—"absurd and preposterous! Why, my lord, their intimacy has reached to that romantic degree, that it is utterly hopeless to make them quarrel.—Surely you are not imposed upon by the self-assurance of this young man. Pardon me, I am aware that he is very subtle and diplomatic; but to think of dividing these female Pyrædes and Orestes. Ha! ha! ha!"

"But, my lord, to-morrow night at the Duchess of Hanvers' ball, you will judge for yourself."

"I shall be there on purpose," was the quick reply.

* * * * *

Never was ball gayer or better attended than that of the Duchess of Hanvers. We shall not waste a moment of description upon the brilliant *coup d'œil* of the rooms. We shall not pause to note, what has been often already noted, the effulgence of the many-colored lights, the glitter of some gorgeous uniform, the blaze of jewels, the soft luxurious profusion of costly furniture; these things have been already noted; but there was one thing to-night which has seldom been described—the stealthy but never-failing march of the diplomatist. Great events are often prepared in the ballroom; administrations and kingdoms have risen and fallen within its curtained precincts. And as for private life, the rival lover and the competing friend, have many and many a time performed their purposes, achieved their ends, and arrived at their des-

tiny, while breathing the voluptuous atmosphere of *la belle assemblée*. If any one has ever wondered by what means it is that certain persons contrive to eclipse all competitors in general conversation, and to oust all rivals in private attachments, whether of love or friendship,—let such person now attend while I depict the workings of that strange talent which holds its silent but potential empire over the internal and impalpable world of the mind, leaving the ostentatious and noisy frame of external things, to be influenced only indirectly by its movements; that talent to which every heart hands up her secrets as it steals along, and yet whose own secrets no other heart has ever penetrated—the talent of Talleyrand and of Machiavel—of Chesterfield, Metternich, or of Pozzo di Borgo.

The smiling misery of the evening was at its height; the softest strains of music were floating through the apartments; the reign of love, at least here and there, had begun, when Charles Maurice D'Amars made his welcome entry. He looked carelessly around; made some general compliments to two or three successive groups which had approached him, and then lounged with an air of half-*distract*, half-dandyish, towards the further end of the apartments.

"There he is! there is D'Amars!" whispered the premier to his brother minister; and they both followed the secretary at a distance. Miss Warnerston and her friend Miss Crake, had been sitting together on an ottoman, but at this moment the former arose and joined the sets with a graceful young hussar for her partner; the other young lady remained for a moment alone, and then was on the point of getting up, when she perceived D'Amars approach. The secretary was at that era in the height and flush of his fashionable celebrity; and Miss Crake was not ill-pleased at the prospect of his company.

"How very warm it is," said he, as he seated himself beside her.

"Ah! indeed it is," returned the intellectual lady, with an air of languor, "indeed it is."

"It is as warm as friendship," pursued he; "though that is not saying much, for there is scarcely any real friendship in all the world—at least, it is as rare as it is costly."

"And yet," answered she, with a platonic look, "there are some in the world who do exhibit instances of genuine friendship."

"Ah!" ejaculated D'Amars, "how happy they must be! The unbounded confidence of their mutual intercourse must be a source of infinite pleasure and security."

"Yes," said she, sympathetically, "Without full and boundless confidence on both sides, no true or happy friendship can exist."

"Don't you think," asked D'Amars, "that it is the mark of a superior and imperial character, to attract that sort of devoted and trusting enthusiasm towards oneself?"

"Unquestionably!" answered Miss Crake.

"I," continued he, "am always apt to consider that one (of two friends) who is most the object of this confidence, as (of the two) the superior mind, the piloting, the guiding star."

"I understand," replied the other.

"It is quite as much as I do myself," thought he.

After a short pause, he added: "The person who can assert without fear of contradiction, that he knows in all the world a single being who would tell him any secret—in fact, who had no secret from him—must, I think, be not only a very amiable, but also a very admirable person, and have qualities that attract love, along with talents that command confidence and inspire respect: but I do not, I cannot believe that there lives such a person,—that, in a word, there lives a person who knows one single being, that loves or admires him so much."

"Now, I am inclined to think there are a few who can say it," replied Miss Crake slyly; for her vanity had immediately gorged the bait.

"Pardon me," said the handsome secretary; "if I fall into the fault of St. Thomas and withhold my belief until my eyes convince me, that any one exists, endowed with such shining qualities as to inspire another with this degree of confidence."

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"Ah! you are *really* mistaken," answered she; "my own personal experience proves that you are so. I am sure that my dear friend Lucy Warnerston would tell me anything in the universe."

"That she would tell you anything in the universe?" repeated D'Amars so loudly, that several ladies and gentlemen around heard him, and became in a manner witnesses of the coming answer.

"Most certainly," replied she, with a sort of gasconading warmth.

"And would you not consider it excessively curious then?" pursued D'Amars, gradually nearing his purpose, "if she had told others something *very* interesting about herself, which she would not on any account tell you, Miss Crake?"

"Absurd!" replied the lady, pettish even at the *idea* of any one's knowing more about her dear friend's affairs than herself.

"What?" asked the secretary, smiling, "if Miss Warnerston be too cautious for you, and that she really would not tell you half the things, which she induces *you* to tell her?"

"That is an insinuation which I really do not like," exclaimed Miss Crake; naturally enough taking fire at being thought a silly dupe, in lieu of the superior, and attractive, and trust-inspiring being, whom D'Amars had a minute before so temptingly described.

"And what?" pursued he, with a peculiar and alarming smile, "if Miss Warnerston be foolish enough, and ill-natured enough, to resent before all present, your having chosen to say that you had such an ascendancy over her, and such a share in her confidence. Alas! my dear Miss Crake, you would then unjustly look like those who boast they can do a great deal with others while absent, but afterwards become falsified before their faces."

He said these words with an expression which excited a certain nameless anxiety in Miss Crake.

A pause followed, during which the young Machiavel remained meditating, with a sort of frown upon his forehead.

"How very handsome Miss Warnerston looks to-night?" said he at length.

"Dear creature!" ejaculated Miss Crake.

"She is the handsomest girl in the room," pursued he, carelessly.

Miss Crake was silent.

It is a strong natural tendency which prompts us to keep our pace, in all things as fast and as high as the pace of those with whom we have been a long time associating together. It is a sort of instinct.

"She is certainly the handsomest," pursued the now un-gallant D'Amars, here smiling, as he caught a casual but vigilant glance of the premier and the other cabinet minister who were in the midst of a group of ladies and gentlemen, "certainly the handsomest; and I do not at all wonder at her receiving that proposal."

"What proposal?" exclaimed Miss Crake, in downright alarm.

"Aha!" cried D'Amars, in a very loud and slow voice, "does that look like the confidence, which you say she reposes in you?"

This was a home-thrust; but she might have borne it, had it not been that the loudness of his tones had drawn a number of eyes to witness her ludicrous dilemma.

"I have not merited from Lucy," thought she, "that she should be the occasion of derision to me."

Anger is not very logical; it lays hold of the nearest person, at all accusable, to charge with its censures. And now, of course, in the instance of Miss Crake (who was of the silly, romantic class of young ladies,) the suspicion of having been fooled into a confidence that was not reciprocated, intruded itself on her hasty meditation. We may here observe, that the more one person likes another, the more vindictive is he supposed to be in requiting his offences; for they appear trebly unmerited, and a hundredfold ungrateful on account of the quarter from which they proceed.

Meantime D'Amars had been in what is vulgarly termed a brown study.

He now said, watching carefully the countenance of his companion, "I scarcely agree with my friend Lord Yewby, about the way in which Miss Warnerston wears her hair; I think it unbecoming. However, that is *his* reason for admiring her so much—there is no accounting for tastes."

Now Lord Yewby was the handsomest, wealthiest, most fashionable, and most lady-killing dandy in town. Miss Crake, as the secretary knew, was greatly taken with the gallant peer; she now merely asked, "Ah! he likes that style of head-dress?"

"Yes," replied D'Amars; "but I do not at all admire his capricious taste in this one point."

"Nor I," returned she with decision; "I think her head-dress is the least becoming thing about dear Lucy."

"It is perfectly shocking—it quite disfigures her," said the secretary, with the air of a connoisseur; "so much so, that it would be a kindness both to Miss Warnerston and to her general admirers, if some one who possessed sufficient influence with her, would make her alter it."

Now, for two potent reasons Miss Crake was inclined to undertake this office: first, she would gladly remove the cause of Lord Yewby's admiration for her dear friend; and secondly, she burned to show the secretary what influence she possessed over Miss Warnerston, and therefore what a *superior and imperial character* she must herself be.

While she was thus ruminating, D'Amars asked her rather loudly,

"Would a word from you, Miss Crake, have any sort of weight with Miss Warnerston?"

The doubt was gall and humiliation, and she answered poutingly, "that she fancied she could make her dear Lucy do anything whatever that was for her good."

"Then," pursued the bland secretary, "between you and me, my dear Miss Crake, you should really speak to your friend about this manner in which she wears her hair; it is perfectly disfiguring, and so all the world thinks, in spite of my Lord Yewby."

"I shall speak to her," returned Miss Crake, half irritably. "There is nothing like advising people as they like."

"But are you sure she will be persuaded by you?" subjoined D'Amars, with a polite but perceptibly incredulous smile, which goaded the young lady's vanity to the quick.

"Oh! if that be all," returned Miss Crake, tossing her head with an expression of confidence, "you shall see."

D'Amars arose and strolling over towards where Miss Warnerston had been conducted on the conclusion of the set, by her partner, he seated himself on the side opposite to the one occupied by the officer, and bending towards the lady's ear, "Miss Warnerston," said he, "can you keep a secret?"

She started with curiosity and surprise.

"Why not?—indeed I can—try me;" were exclamations that quickly followed one another.

"H—ehem," continued the secretary, "you were—were proposed for—would you divulge it to any one?"

"Not to mortal."

"This you say seriously, and on your word of honor?"

"Yes; on my word of honor."

D'Amars now leant back in his chair with a quiet and satisfied look. But the lady, on her part, was far from being, as yet, satisfied.

Come, what of all this, Mr. D'Amars?" asked she.

The secretary shook his head and laughed.

"Now, pray, no mystery—do tell me?"

"All I can say is," returned he, in a low half whispering tone, "that a certain noble friend of mine—a peerless dandy—likes the—the—among other things (for I must not break trust), the way you wear your hair—though I do not admire it—that is all." And he walked hastily away, and again sat down by Miss Crake.

Presently, as he had well guessed, Miss Warnerston approached and sat down on the other side of him. He instantly whispered to her, "It is Lord Yewby who admires so much that mode of the hair—now keep trust."

The lady replied by a quick glance of intelligence and (as the keen secretary perceived) of delight.

He turned towards his other neighbor and,—

"Miss Crake," asked he, "don't you think Lord Yewby an extremely graceful gentleman?"

"He is more than graceful," replied she, with the coquettish wish of vexing D'Amars. But it was Miss Warnerston, not the secretary, who appeared moved by the answer, and she gave her friend an uneasy and scrutinizing glance.

The diplomatist had meantime leant back again on the lounger, and his quick eye did not fail to remark the symptom.

A smile—with difficulty repressed, and struggling for a second on his pale lip—was noticed by the two ministers, who now hovered near to discover how matters were proceeding. D'Amars immediately said in a low voice to Miss Crake,

"Would it be now too hazardous—that is—would there be too great a hazard of a repulse, if you spoke to your friend about her hair? It strikes me, my dear Miss Crake, that she regards you with great confidence and deference; you have at least promised me an opportunity of judging."

"Oh, certainly," replied she, with exemplary *sang froid*. "Lucy, I cannot endure the manner in which you wear your hair; you must alter it. I shall show you a much prettier mode."

"Thank you—but it must do," answered Miss Warnerston, coldly; for she of course had in her mind what D'Amars had just told her of Lord Yewby, and she suspected some sinister motive in her friend.

The secretary honored Miss Crake with a provokingly triumphant look, and she returned to the charge with a sort of ricochet from his taunting eye.

"But really, Lucy, you must—you must indeed, my dear."

Before Miss Warnerston could answer, D'Amars interposed, in a manner which strikingly fixed her attention.

"Pardon me, Miss Crake," he said; "but—merely for the satisfaction of my thoughts—did you not just now say—" and while he spoke to Miss Crake he looked at Miss Warnerston—"did you not just now say that you rather admired Lord Yewby? He, you know, (for I told you some minutes ago,) very much relishes the fashion of the hair, which you wish your friend to alter—did you not say you admired him?"

A dead pause ensued on all sides, and the two ladies gazed at one another as if a new light had broken upon the matter. In Miss Crake's face there was cruel perplexity, as she saw the pit into which she had unwarily plunged: in Miss Warnerston's countenance there was a mixed expression of intelligence and indignation.

Meantime the secretary had relapsed into a certain languor of deportment, which they who knew him well were wont to consider as the sure forerunner of victory in a game of chess, triumph in an argument, and success in any other matter that he chanced at the moment to be engaged in.

"Miss Crake," he at length blandly said, "although I do not myself admire the manner in which your dear friend's hair is arranged, yet I do not advise her to take the trouble of altering it; and on second thoughts, I am surprised that you should; for you know, I just now told you how much it is admired by another."

Miss Crake could not believe her ears, but she remained silent; she did not, for she could not, contradict the latter part of the secretary's sentence.

"And now," added he, with consummate audacity, "I will even take the freedom, my dear Miss Warnerston, to advise you not to place much confidence in Miss Crake."

Both were thunderstruck.

Now again was there for a moment to be seen in D'Amars' face that pale quivering lip and restless eye, that characterized the machiavelian secretary. Miss Crake could bear matters no longer.

"Really, Mr. D'Amars," she said in amazement, "your interference between friends is most uncalled for; and I know well that Lucy will not prefer *you* to *me*, nor mind what *you* say before what I recommend."

Miss Warnerston, however, preserved silence; for she was perfectly convinced—quite satisfied in her own mind, that jealousy and nothing else must have prompted her friend's aversion to the present conquering style of head-dress.

On the other hand, Miss Crake secretly burned with equal rage, nor could she endure the thought of having been foiled in the presence of so many, after all her previous confident gasconades. In a word, she could have torn her dear Lucy's eyes out, for having at this moment, of all others, refused to alter the fashion of her hair. But the worst was to come.

"You say, Miss Crake," pursued D'Amars, "that my friend, Miss Warnerston, will mind you before me. I am not sure of this. Miss Warnerston," added he, turning to that lady, "you will not believe it, but your friend has told me, and all around us have heard her say, that she could induce you by one way or another to tell her any thing that she liked. Now is that surely the case? I fancy you too well know, my dear Miss Warnerston, *how to keep a secret.*"

The last words most adroitly chimed with the young lady's actual meditation concerning Lord Yewby—the jealousy of Miss Crake, what D'Amars had told her, and in fact, a hundred matters of the kind, and she replied with more warmth than good breeding, "that no one was able or had any right to wrest a secret from her."

"Ah!" instantly said D'Amars, "I did fancy that your boast, Miss Crake, of possessing so arbitrary an ascendancy over my intelligent and talented friend was slightly tinged with the usual fiction of a gasconade."

And as he spoke, Miss Crake perceived, to her infinite and most ineffable vexation, that the careless loudness of his tones, had attracted the eyes and ears of at least a dozen witnesses to her discomfiture. She vowed a deep revenge against "her perfidious Lucy," whom she now saw following D'Amars with her eyes, as the latter arose, and sauntered from the ottoman, with an air of gay and arrogant nonchalance.

As for Miss Warnerston, the mere elegance of his well-turned periods, and the composure with which he spoke them, had inspired her with a very decided prepossession in his favor.

Meantime, the premier and his colleague, having observed D'Amars leave his post, approached carelessly together, with opinions different as to the secretary's success, but with a mutual curiosity to know which of them was right. They immediately overheard the following dialogue.

"I know," said Miss Crake at Miss Warnerston, but not to her, "I know that I do not want any one's confidence, when it is not voluntary," here she vehemently fanned her face with her handkerchief, "and I should not care much, in any case, for that of some people."

"If that be at *me*," said Miss Warnerston, "I return the compliment with interest."

So saying, she rose and left the ottoman.

"By my honor," said the sub-minister to his premier, in an aside, "you were right. This D'Amars has done for the opposition."

That night the premier danced with Miss Warnerston; the next night but one, her father's name and those of his four adherents figured in the ministerial majority.

A LITTLE ADVENTURE AT ST. CYBARD'S CAVE.—The wall was easily surmounted, and the descent I found had been very practicable. But it was necessary to move with caution, for nothing can be more puzzling and deceptive than the unsteady and capricious smiles of the lady moon as she flings the flickering light of her countenance over tree, rock, and hill, and changes to all eyes but those of her own minions, the relative distances and ordinary proportions and bearings of places and things. I reached the bottom, however, in safety, and then found that my eyes had not deceived me, and there was in fact a little path under the cliff, which I doubted not would conduct me to the saint's former dwelling. So I made my way along this, not without a sufficient

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quantum of slips and stumbles, till I came to a door in the rock from which a light was streaming. I thought that this must, without doubt be the grotto, and that the saint had company. I attempted to push the door open, but it was fastened within, and I heard the sound of several voices.— My nocturnal visit to St. Cybard's grotto began to assume quite the air of an adventure, and I wondered not a little what could be going on in the saint's dwelling. That a solitary devotee should have been there, and have lighted his votive before the now neglected shrine, would not have surprised me; but it seemed passing strange that the holy man should receive so noisy and so large an assembly as the sounds I heard evidently proceeded from. So I knocked at the door stoutly with my stick, and in another minute I found myself in the midst of one of the strangest scenes I ever witnessed. It was a very large cavern, extending horizontally into the side of the rock, to the depth of I should think from forty to fifty feet. The roof was low and flat, and although nature had evidently been the first and principal architect of the wide apartment, it was clear that man's labor had been added to it for the purposes of a dwelling.— At the further end was a large wood fire, which was the principal means of lighting the sombre-looking cavern; and though a variety of fissures in the rock allowed the greater part of the smoke to escape through the roof, the whole space was filled with a dense cloud which rendered the different objects enveloped in it but dimly distinguishable.— Some moments, therefore, elapsed before I was able to estimate accurately the appearance and character of the inmates of the place. Gradually, however, I perceived spread all round the sides of the huge vault a thick bed of dry leaves and fern boughs, on which were reclining in every variety of posture a considerable number of figures of both sexes and all ages. Some were nearly naked, and some were clothed in many-tinted tatters; some were sleeping, some were eating and drinking, and some laughing and chattering. It required but small penetration to perceive that I had intruded into a sort of beggars' caravanserai, and that the motley crew of the halt, the lame and blind, around me, together with some sufficiently strapping and able-bodied specimens of male and female humanity, were neither more nor less than an assemblage of all the vagabonds and mendicants who intended to exercise their profession in Angouleme and its neighborhood the next day. In the mean time, while I was making these observations, the old man who had opened the door to me, and who appeared to be the landlord of this subterranean place of entertainment, continued gazing at me with some surprise, and waiting for me to explain the reason of my presence there. He was a little shrivelled, hunchbacked, anatomy of a creature, with an immense head, long beard, and disproportionately long arms, and looked more like a desiccated mummy of a baboon than any thing human. The other inmates of the cave seemed to pay very little attention to the new comer. Some stared a little, but the greater number continued their eating, talking, or sleeping, without taking any notice of me. I still conceived that this must be St. Cybard's cave, though it seemed put to a very different purpose than its original one. But in this I found that I was mistaken. There are, it seems, a great many natural caverns in the rocks beneath this part of the town, and the saint's dwelling was a few yards further on.—*Jean Paul.*

How to Get It.—The following is not new, but it is both good and true. Parents, whose children "tease them to death," commit suicide, being themselves the cause of the teasing.

Child—Mother, I want a piece of cake.

Mother—I haven't got any; it's all gone.

Child—I know there's some up in the cupboard; I saw it when you opened the door.

Mother—Well, you don't need any now; cake hurts children.

Child—No it don't, (whining) I do want a piece; mother, mayn't I have a piece?

Mother—Be still, I can't get up now, I'm busy.

Child—(Still crying.)—I want a piece of cake.

Mother—(Rising hastily and reaching a piece.)—There, take that and hold your tongue! eat it up quick. I hear Ben coming. Now don't tell Ben you've had any.

(Ben enters.) Child—I have had a piece of cake; you can't have any.

Ben—Yes, I will; mother give me a piece.

Mother—There, take it, it seems as if I never could keep a bit of any thing in the house. You see, sir, if you get any more.

(Another room.) Child—I've had a piece of cake!

Young sister—Oh, I want some too.

Child—Well, you bawl and moth'll give you a piece; I did.

From *Blackwood* for July.

THE DYING SPANIEL,

BY DELTA.

Old Oscar, how feebly thou crawl'st to the door,
Thou who wert all beauty and vigor of yore;
How slow is thy stagger the sunshine to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled and blind!
Yet thy heart still is living—thou hearest my voice—
And thy faint-wagging tail says thou yet canst rejoice;
But how different art thou from the Oscar of old,
The sleek and the gamesome, the swift and the bold!

At sunrise I waken'd to hear thy proud bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the lay of the lark;
And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When sunrise with glory empurpled the air;
And the streamlet flow'd down in its gold to the sea;
And the night-dew like diamond sparks gleam'd from the tree;
And the sky o'er the earth in such purity glow'd,
As if angels, not men, on its surface abode!

How then thou wouldest gambol, and start from my feet,
To scare the wild-birds from their sylvan retreat;
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to my hand
The twig or the wild-flower I threw from the land;
On the moss-sprinkled stone if I sat for a space,
Thou wouldest crouch on the greensward, and *gaze in my face*,
Then in wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy *beam*,
And toss them above thee, or tread them beneath.
Then I was a school-boy all thoughtless and free,
And thou wert a whelp full of gambol and glee;
Now dim is thine eyeball, and grizzled thy hair,
And I am a man, and of grief have my share.
Yes, thou bring'st to mind all the pleasures of youth,
When hope was the mistress, not handmaid of truth;
When Earth look'd an Eden, when Joy's sunny hours
Were cloudless, and every path sprinkled with flowers.

Now Summer is waning; soon tempest and rain
Shall harbinger desolate Winter again,
And Thou, all unable its gripe to withstand,
Shalt die, when the snow mantle garments the land;
Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old cherry-tree,
Which in Spring-time will shed down its blossoms on thee;
And, when a few fast fleeting seasons are o'er,
Thy faith and thy form shall be thought of no more.

Then all, who caress'd thee and loved, shall be laid,
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and the past
Be like yesterday's clouds from the memory cast;
Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown down,
Old landmarks removed, when old masters are gone;
And the gard'ner, when delving, shall marvel to see
White bones, where once blossom'd the old cherry-tree.

Frail things; could we read but the objects around,
In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might be found,
Some type of our frailty, some warning to show
How shifting the sands that we build on below.
Our fathers have pass'd, and have mix'd with the mould;
Year presses on year, till the young become old;
Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to none;
And the friend and the foe pass away, one by one.

Many an acknowledged truth was once a controversial dogma; the basis of every science has been considered a fundamental error.

Love's Doings.

THREE POEMS—BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.
ILLUSTRATED BY CRUIKSHANK.

Love's Masquerading.

Love never less surprises
Than when his tricks are tried;
In vain are all disguises,
Himself he cannot hide.
He came, the Masquerader.
To conscious Kate, one day,
Attempting to persuade her
He then was—far away!
"Ah Love!" she cried, unfearing,
"Take any shape you will,
Strange, distant, or endearing,
This heart would know you still."

Then Love came clad like Sorrow;
His robe was dark as night;
But like a golden morrow,
Flash'd forth his forehead's light;
She knew him, as with languor
He play'd the wounded dove:
Then fierce he frown'd—'twas Anger!
But still she knew 'twas Love!

Then came he wreathed like Pleasure;
In vain he cried, "Rejoice!"
And sang a laughing measure—
She knew him, by his voice.
He tuned his tongue to railing,
Performing Envy's task;
His scowl was unavailing,
She saw him—through his mask.

Like cloak'd revenge then stealing,
With poinard bare he came;
His limbs his looks concealing—
Yet still he seemed the same.
Then he his thoughts dissembling—
With Jealousy's wild air,
Stood raging, watching, trembling,
Yet Love alone stood there.

Next came he garb'd like Malice;
Yet wore his cheek the rose,
No poison crowns his chalice,
With wine it overflows.
And then as Joy, arrayed in
Rare colors from above,

He failed again, the maiden
In Joy saw only Love.

Then casting off his splendor,
He took black Hatred's guise;
But all his tones were tender,
She knew him by his eyes:
In all he failed; when glancing,
Like Fear, afraid to stir;
And when like Hope, half dancing—
For Hope was Love to her.
"In vain" she cried, "your powers,"
Take any shape you may;
Are hearts less wise than flowers,
That know the night from day?"



Love Seeking a Lodging.

At Leila's heart, from day to day,
Love, boy-like, knock'd, and ran away;
But Love grown older, seeking then
"Lodgings for single gentlemen,"
Return'd unto his former ground,
And knock'd, but no admittance found—
With his rat, tat, tat.

His false alarms remember'd still,
Love, now in earnest, fared but ill;
For Lelia in her heart could swear,
As still he knock'd, "There's no one there."
A single god, he then essay'd
With single knocks to lure the maid—
With his single knock.

Each passer-by, who watch'd the wight,
Cried "Love, you won't lodge there to-night!"
And love, while listening, half confess'd
That all was dead in Leila's breast.
Yet, lest that light heart only slept,
Bold Love up to the casement crept—
With his tip, tap, tap.

No answer;—"Well," cried Love, "I'll wait,
And keep off Envy, Fear, and Hate;
No other passion there shall dwell,
If I'm shut out—why, here's a bell!"
He rang; the ring made Lelia start,
And love found lodgings in her heart—
With his magic ring.



Love has Legs.

Strolling about from bower to hall,
Love paid Lavinia a morning call.
An hour soon went—she chatted and sang—
He staid—till at last the dinner-bell rang.
He staid, still charmed; and rather alarmed,
Lavinia felt she must ask him to stay.
“To tell you the truth,” cried the radiant youth,
“I’m here for life, I shall ne’er go away.”

Love’s fire shot through her in one wild flush,
Till her heart itself might be seen to blush;
Love saw, and finding it faithful and kind,
Exclaim’d, “O Beauty, how long I’ve been blind!”
More grateful grew he, more fervent she,
More watchful, sensitive, warm and fond;
So much like light was he to her sight,
She could not trust him a step beyond.

Still more she cherished him year by year,
Till at last each joy came tinged with fear;
She fear’d if he strolld where wild flowers meet,
Lest thorns might pierce his delicate feet;
Or a reptile’s sting beneath his wing
She fear’d, if he lay in the greenwood asleep;
Or walked he awake by the moonlit lake—
In dread of an ague, how would she weep!

She chatted and sang to Love no more,
Lest music and chat should prove “a bore;”
But she hung on his step wherever he went,
And shut from the chamber the rose’s scent.
She slept not a wink, for fear he should think
She dream’d not of Love—so her eyes grew dim;
She took no care of her beautiful hair,
For she could not spare one moment from him.

Love’s bright fireside grew dark with doubt,
Yet home was a desert if Love went out;
In vain were his vows, caresses, and sighs;
“O Love,” cried the lady, “I’ve given you eyes!
And ah! should some face of a livelier grace
Than mine ever meet them! Ah! should you stray!”
Love, wearied at last, was in slumber lock’d fast;
“Those wings!” said the watcher, “he might fly away.”

One awful moment! Oh! could she sever
Those wings from Love, he is hers for ever!
With trembling hand she gathers the wings—
She clips—they are off! and up Love springs.
“Adieu!” he cried, as he leapt from her side,
“Of folly’s cup you have drunk the dregs;
My home was here; it is now with the deer;
Thank Venus, though wingless, *Love has legs!*”

From the Father’s Magazine.

A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Come, gather closer to my side—
My little, smitten flock—
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock—
Who boldly led God’s people forth
From Egypt’s wrath and guile—
And once a cradled babe did float,
All helpless on the Nile.

You’re weary—precious ones—your eyes
Are wandering far and wide,
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide?
Who could to Wisdom’s sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim—
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed Mother’s name.

‘Tis time to sing your evening hymn—
My youngest infant dove,
Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love.
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor, deserted throng—
Cling as you us’d to cling to her,
Who sings the angel’s song.

Begin, sweet birds, the accustom’d strain—
Come, warble loud and clear—
Alas! alas! you’re weeping all,
You’re sobbing in my ear—
Good night—go say the prayer she taught,
Beside your little bed,
The lips that used to bless you there—
Are silent with the dead.

A Father’s hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life—
His care protect these shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife—
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like *that mother* write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul—
Dear mourning babes, good night.

THE DELIGHTS OF A HURRICANE AT SEA.—There are hundreds who have been in a similar predicament, and know its miseries. The hissing, howling wind, raging and spitting fire amongst the shrouds and rigging, with a sound as of the fiery pinions of the wings of a demon flapping the Stygian lake; the sea lashed into a maniacal fury, its liquid mountains heaving, tossing, reiterating blow upon blow, like an hundred armed Briarcus; the vessel staggering, as if wild with terror; now aloft, riding upon the foaming crest of the wave, that shakes it as a thing despised; now down in a trough of the sea, as if about to be engulfed. There is something grand in the outward circumstances of a storm; it is within, in the *res angusta domi*, that the horrors of the gale are felt in their full effect. In the morning, just before what *ought to be* the breakfast-time, a tremendous wave bursts over the starboard quarter, expending its whole fury over the galley, extinguishing the fire, swamping the boiler, and washing out the half-drowned cook. But things are worse still at what *ought to be* dinner-time. By dint of crawling, and holding on like grim death, you contrive to reach the cuddy, and place yourself right against one of the stanchions at the table. As to soup, on such occasions, it is utterly hopeless, for it would be just as easy to hold it in a tureen reversed as to attempt to retain it in a soup-plate. The corned leg of pork, which *ought to have* been in the boiler, has been, for the most part, fluctuating between it and the galley floor, having been dislodged by terrific and repeated rolls of the ship, and is, consequently, served up “with the gravy in it.”—*Asiatic Journal*.

For the Flute.

JONATHAN'S FAVORITE RONDO.

ALLEGRO.

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